

# AMERICA

## A-CATHOLIC-REVIEW-OF-THE-WEEK

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### Dr. Haas on the "New Deal"

THE best Labor Day address that has come to our notice is that delivered by the Rev. Francis J. Haas at Uniontown, in the heart of the Pennsylvania coal fields. To Catholics, the admirable work of Dr. Haas for social justice has long been familiar, and his splendid service with the President's labor advisory board has earned him the gratitude of every man who works for a living.

The address was a review of American industrial history in the last five decades, and a statement of the victories secured for labor through the Recovery Act. During this period, as this Review has frequently observed, society seemed to be conducted on the theory that the sole right which the State and the individual need respect was the right to hold property. Even some Catholics appear to have countenanced this shocking theory, and for many years Leo's great Encyclical on Labor was used chiefly as a club wherewith to beat Socialists.

No doubt, in the 'nineties and in the first decade of the century, Socialism was an enemy that pressed hard. But it was most unfortunate that in the heat of battle combatants on both sides entirely overlooked the fact that while Leo insisted on the right to hold property honestly acquired, he dwelt with far stronger insistence upon the duty of all men, rich or poor, to love one another as Christ had loved them. Whenever the Pontiff defended a right, he prescribed with no lesser force a duty. In the dust of conflict, the eyes of some controversialists were blinded, and they perceived little or nothing of the truth that every man is bound to use his property "for the perfecting of his nature, and as the steward of God's poor."

It is interesting to speculate upon what might have happened had the true import of Leo's message been properly grasped. As things fell out, the Encyclical was unfair-

ly attacked by its enemies, and, at least in this country, woefully misunderstood by many who thought themselves its friends. This Review has reason to remember how twenty years ago, and, indeed, with little interruption up to as late as 1929, its defense of such elemental social factors as the right to a living wage and of collective bargaining, the obligation of employers to furnish working conditions free from detriments to health and morals, the duty of corporations to provide for the worker before providing for another fat quarterly dividend, and other obvious rights and duties, was denounced as "Socialism," and even as "the outpourings of Communism." Constantly were we reminded that "business must take the world as it finds it," and that holders of great wealth "sleep on no bed of roses." It was sad proof of the fact that not a few Catholics had never read the Leonine Encyclical, or if they had read it, had completely missed its teachings.

With some Catholics puzzled and others muzzled, and with the rest of the world caring not a whit for any document emanating from Rome, it was not strange that during an age of tremendous industrial expansion, the lot of the worker steadily deteriorated. Here and there, legislation was half-heartedly enacted for his benefit, and enforced with a zeal that was less than half-hearted; but, in general, the industrial world was ruled by the proposition that business is business, and not to be halted or tainted by such follies as justice or charity. Beginning, roughly, with the Reconstruction period, a capitalism not in itself immoral—as capitalism *per se* is not—assumed characteristics which gradually made it an enemy of God and of the State.

Under this capitalism labor became merely another commodity, like coal or oil, to be bought in the cheapest market, or one of many items in cost production, to be

slashed without compunction as competition directed. The personal character of a man's labor was not recognized, and his right to combine with his fellows to protect the interests of all was beaten down by legal chicaneries, or, when these failed, by the crack of the rifle and the roar of cannon. Man's essential dignity which, as Leo XIII had written, God Himself respects, was flouted, and under an iniquitous wage system the plight of the worker was little better than that of a serf. A man's property was his own, capitalism argued, and he might do with it what he liked. If he closed his factory overnight and threw thousands out of employment, that was his private affair for which he could not be called to account. Of social responsibility, the average employer had barely a trace, and of moral responsibility, nothing but the bounds of such penal laws as could not be evaded.

These reflections are domestic, and not to be attributed to Dr. Haas, although we believe that he would not dissent from them. How far capitalism would have run on its mad course had not the events of the last four years turned the world of commerce and finance upside down, is impossible to say. But, happily, just as capitalists themselves were beginning to question the wisdom of the system, Pius XI issued his Encyclical commemorating the fortieth anniversary of the Leonine Encyclical on Labor. To this authoritative statement Catholics have turned, and the non-Catholic world with them. The scene has been set for the recognition of many of its principles by the new American administration. Whether this recognition is equivalent to a social revolution, or is merely the expression of panic, will depend, as Dr. Haas has said, upon the quickness of the workers to see that "the law has opened the door and removed obstacles," and to realize that "the rest remains for the workers themselves."

### The Beer Banditti

SOME weeks ago, the city of Chicago began a campaign against criminals. Reversing the familiar adage that crime pays, the city's officials began to make the criminals pay. They have been so successful that the beer gangs and allied criminals are going to jail by the dozens. The legitimate trade in beer has cut so deeply into their profits that they are no longer able to retain high-priced counsel. Consequently paroles have been recalled, old indictments are being successfully pressed, and the prison population is steadily increasing.

At first sight, this condition of affairs seems to reflect on the public spirit, and perhaps on the honesty, of the members of the Illinois bar. But first impressions are notoriously misleading. It has not been shown that the high-priced counsel for these criminals ever suborned perjury or applied a machine gun to a hostile witness. They merely applied the law as it stood, and their clients resumed their nefarious trades. In their defence, they would probably offer a plea of confession and avoidance. What they did was permissible under the statutes.

That defense may stand to the extent that it shields the lawyers from jail and disbarment. Beyond that point, it

is useless. We have never heard that the bar of Illinois, or of any other jurisdiction in which the same conditions obtain, has complained of the statutes which permit criminals to return to their haunts, after they have divided part of their ill-gotten gains with a firm of lawyers. The bar appears to have concluded that whatever the obligation of the lawyer to defend the common weal, his paramount duty is to his client.

That free-and-easy view must be revised. It had its value in a day when all the odds were in favor of the prosecutor, but it cannot be tolerated today when, to quote a prominent member of the bar, all the cards are stacked against the prosecution. Every lawyer, as an officer of the court, has a duty to the public, as well as to his conscience, which his duty to his client must not be permitted to destroy. If the bar is looking for a reason why it has fallen in the esteem of the public, let it inquire into the close connection in every American city of leaders in crime with leaders in the practice of the criminal law.

### Justice for Cuba

THE Cuban situation has brought our Government face to face with a problem which is primarily neither economic nor political, but moral. To understand this, it is necessary simply to establish in their order of importance the various responsibilities we have under our peculiar relation to the Island. Before all else, of course, comes our responsibility toward the Cuban people themselves. We have the obligation of doing nothing that may jeopardize their political freedom or their economic wellbeing, and we must, positively, do everything within the limits of law and justice to enable them to achieve these two ends. Secondly, we have our responsibilities toward the whole Latin American complex of situations, and we may not engage ourselves in any course of action that will jeopardize the new Roosevelt policies, following the abandonment of Europe, of building up a body of good will and cooperation that will unite the two continents in a non-competitive economy somewhat similar to what is being attempted at home.

Only after these two paramount considerations have been achieved do the interests, corporate and individual, of our own citizens enter the picture. This means sugar and the banks. Sugar, moreover, involves more than merely American interests; in fact, before all else it involves Cuban interests. Cuba had taken something over fifty years to build up a 2,500,000-ton industry, which was ample to allow it to compete in the world market at a price sufficient to supply profits and fairly decent wages. Then, in utter blindness to economic laws, the American banks stepped in, poured money into Cuba like water, in order to develop cane and mill equipment for a 5,500,000-ton production, for half of which there was no permanent market. Hence the debacle, what with American beet-sugar, Philippine free entry, and the decrease of sugar consumption as contributing causes. The banks, of course, came out of it very well, to say the least, and have already made more than they were fairly entitled to. But to pro-

tect their gambling investments, they set up the Machado dictatorship, protected by former American Administrations.

The Roosevelt Administration has begun well. Machado is gone, and with him the grip of the banks on the Cuban people. Latin American consultation has been asked, and admirably accepted, and, following the rebuff by South America of Mexico's initiative, our line of action in this regard is still more imperatively demanded. But Cuba has not yet set her house in order, and only the most delicate consideration of human rights on our part, and the sternest resistance by Washington against private encroachments, will bring about a regime of justice. Just one instance will suffice. There is a matter of some \$50,000,000 which the banks unloaded as a debt on the Cuban treasury to save their own skins. If it is not scaled down, it will probably be repudiated, in a social following the political revolution. If we do the right thing by Cuba, we need have no fear of what the world will think of us.

### The Home School

**N**OW that the children are back at school, parents are apt to think that their duty has been fulfilled for the year. Even Catholic parents may share this delusion. The simple truth is that Catholic parents cannot divest themselves wholly of their Divinely imposed duties, not even in favor of the Sacred College of Cardinals.

These duties belong to parents by reason of the fact that the child, according to St. Thomas, is in a very true sense the continuation of the personality of father and mother. Hence, the child "belongs" to its parents, and that bond no power on earth can destroy or set aside. Upon the parents, then, devolves the inalienable right and the most solemn duty to provide, to the best of their ability, for the physical, intellectual, and religious welfare of the child.

However, parents are free to call upon qualified persons to assist them in caring for their children. In a simpler age, it was possible for the child to obtain at least the rudiments of secular knowledge under the domestic roof-tree, and, in exceptional cases, to find in the home a school which could prepare it admirably for the higher studies. But times have changed, and in this industrial age the home is no longer identified with the elementary school. Parents lack either the time or the ability to teach the child all that is necessary to fit it for its place in an extremely complex society; consequently, they turn to the school for aid. To the school, they delegate some measure of their authority, but they can never transfer this authority completely. The duty of providing for the child's welfare primarily rests upon them.

It is supposed that every Catholic parent will choose a Catholic school for his child. Since it acts as his agent in helping him to give the child a Catholic education—and no other education can be, in any real sense, education—the school must be Catholic. Otherwise, allowing for the exceptional case, a most pressing duty will be culpably neglected. But if the work is to be done properly, parents

must cooperate to the best of their ability with the school. In the supremely important task of giving the child a proper education, every utilizable agency, the Church, the State, the school, and the parents, must work in harmony. The Church never fails in her duty, the school rarely, and although in this country Catholic parents are forced to bear an uneven burden of taxation, we may begin to hope for better things from the State. It remains, then, for parents to do their part.

The home is the best of all schools, but only when it is a good home. When the home fails, the prospect is always dark, and usually, hopeless. In the home, the child obtains its first knowledge of Almighty God, and of the duty of loving and serving Him. As the years go on, it learns from parental precept and, best of all, from parental example, those principles of right thinking and right living which prepare it for worthy citizenship in this world, and for citizenship in the lasting Kingdom of God. What the child learns in the home will be developed and strengthened in the school, and when home and school work together, we may confidently trust that the little feet set on the road to righteousness will continue on it faithfully to the end.

The responsibility of parents is indeed great, but great too is the happiness of parents who strive to fulfil their duties to their children. May the blessing of Almighty God be upon them and our Catholic schools, and may that blessing guide and strengthen all who in our temples of religion and learning are taught that man's first and most sacred duty is to praise, revere, and serve his Maker.

### Labor's Representatives

**U**NION labor scored a victory on September 12, when Senator Wagner, of New York, chairman of the National Labor Board, ruled that employes may be represented by any one of their choice, irrespective of whether or not he is an employe of the shop involved in the dispute. The case was that of the Berkeley Woolen Mills at Martinsburg, West Virginia, whose employes have been on strike since August 15. Early in August, the company is said to have discharged seven employes on account of their union activities, and the strike followed when the company refused to treat with the textile union affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. The management announced that it would deal only with a company union, and would recognize no union affiliated with a national union.

The question at issue turned upon an interpretation of the Recovery Act and, at least indirectly, brought in the vexed point of open and closed shop. By unanimous decision the Board ruled that "employes have the right to choose any one they may wish as their representative, and are not limited in their choice to fellow-employes." In an additional ruling the Board held that the refusal to deal with the accredited representatives of the workers, unless these were workers in the mills, was an improper attempt to interfere with the employes in their designation of a representative, and a violation of the Recovery

Act. The Board concluded by recommending that the strike be called off, that employees be taken back without discrimination, and that the company in future deal with the representatives who shall be freely chosen by the workers.

This ruling is, of course, subject to review by the courts, and it is to be hoped that the Government, should objection be taken, will press the issue. Despite the crisis through which the whole world is now passing, we are faced by the shocking spectacle of men of great wealth and influence who appear to place profits before human lives. The battle must be fought, and no time is more favorable than the present. Coal, steel, and transportation must be taught their duty to the public as well as to the individual worker, and be made to understand that they may not with impunity imperil the program on which the welfare of millions depends. We entertain no fear as to the outcome of this battle.

### Note and Comment

#### A Saint For Each Century

IT seems to be a modern fashion to adorn oneself with beauties borrowed from Catholicism. Occasionally, however, the borrowed finery presents as many contrasts as the Coat of Many Colors. Such is the case with the stained-glass windows in the Bishop's House at St. Alban's Anglican Cathedral in Washington, D. C. Each of the Christian centuries is typified by the distinctive woman saint of the period. The fifth and sixth centuries, for example, are represented by St. Ursula and St. Genevieve, while the thirteenth and fourteenth are symbolized by the queenly Elizabeth of Hungary and the pious Anne of Bohemia. After St. Joan of Arc, the saint of the fifteenth century, however, there is an abrupt change. Lady Jane Grey, Pocahontas, Susanna Wesley, Harriet Starr, founder of the Episcopal Community of St. Mary, and Miss Julia Emery, organizer of the Episcopal Woman's Auxiliary, follow in the order named. The Catholic litany is broken. St. Cecilia really does not chime with Pocahontas, and what remains of the Oxford shrine of St. Frideswide (the representative of the eighth century) does not smack of Methodism. But how golden is the melody of song and praise that arises from mind and heart when the ancient names of St. Hilda and St. Edith of Wilton are joined to the glad cadences of Blessed Bernadette, St. Madeleine Sophie Barat and St. Thérèse of the Little Flower of Jesus! The recent centuries are not as cold in piety or barren in sanctity as the last five windows in the Episcopal Cathedral would indicate. In fact, the Holy Women just mentioned do honor to the Church of the Apostles. The only consoling feature of the windows in Washington's Protestant Cathedral is that they show a revived interest in, if not devotion to, the Catholic Saints of the first fifteen centuries of Christianity, before the Protestant revolt disrupted Christendom.

#### Danger to Catholic Indians

THE policy of the present Government is to suspend, as quickly as possible, the non-reservation boarding schools for Indian children. The plan of the Indian Bureau is to place the Indian pupils eliminated from these schools in public schools, or in Federal day schools. In an address delivered this year at the National Conference of Social Work, in Detroit, the newly appointed Indian Commissioner, the Hon. John Collier, expressed the estimate that 12,000 Indian children would be thus transferred. Such a transfer will deprive the Catholic children of these groups of their religious training. In the boarding schools priests, and in some places Sisters, have been giving Catholic instruction to the children once or twice a week, prepared them and enabled them to receive the Sacraments and hear Mass on Sundays. But, owing to their scattered locations, it will be impossible for priests or Sisters to reach these scattered day schools. The Government policy might work to the material advantage of the Indian, as it is planned to do, and might be turned into a helpful factor for him from a spiritual point of view, if instead of being absorbed into the public schools the Indian boys and girls could be taken into the parish schools. "If instead of Federal day schools, Catholic day schools could be maintained on reservations and pueblos," writes a veteran in Catholic education of the Indian, "the new deal for the Indian children would be a blessing for them outright." The Bureau contemplates in connection with this transfer to day schools an extended social and health service. Such a service could be exemplified in all its fullness on remote reservations and in the Southwest pueblos by Catholic day schools. Catholic missionaries such as the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament and others working among the Indians are already carrying out social and health programs with great benefit to the spiritual condition of the people they serve. Can the Government afford to weaken the good that is in its own program, and add one more blot to the doleful list of past blunders in Indian education, by refusing to sanction a broadminded policy that would enlist, instead of scrapping, the infinitely constructive agency of the Catholic Church?

#### Timely Warnings

THAT with our thoroughly loyal support of the National Recovery Act we should not be blind to its weaknesses, has been the policy of this Review. Meeting in Pittsburgh August 19 to 23, the seventy-eighth general convention of the Catholic Central Verein of America issued a warning in accordance with this policy. "We cannot agree," said the convention's resolution on Social Reconstruction, "with those who have created the impression that the National Recovery Act and the steps taken under it fully conform to the encyclical of Pope Pius XI on the Reconstruction of the Social Order." The convention was in accord with the Administration's objectives, nor wished to decry what was being done. But the Cath-

olic idea would not be fulfilled until governments sought to restore the organic form of social life, until they used "all their power and influence to preserve the elements of self-responsibility and self-government in the organizations that constitute the social order." For this reason, "the reestablishment of vocational groups is, then, an indispensable postulate of a sound reconstruction of the social order." The opposition between labor and capital, employer and employe must be done away with. Until the Holy Father's ideal is recognized, it "is folly if not a dangerous deception, to identify his program with that contemplated by the National Recovery Act." Viewing the legislation from another angle, the speakers at the session on the "Negro and the NRA," held at Cleveland on September 2 by the Social Action Department of the N. C. W. C. in conjunction with the convention of the National Catholic Interracial Federation, stressed the critical problems that the NRA offers to the colored worker. The Rev. Francis J. Haas, Ph.D., a member of the Administration's Labor Advisory Board, insisted that industry should be adjusted to the needs of human beings. "The situation of the Negro," said Father Haas, "is the Administration's principal embarrassment in carrying out the provisions of the Recovery Act." At its subsequent session, the Federation warned, by a resolution, against the uneconomic as well as inhuman practice of dropping Negro workers on the pretext of fulfilling the NRA. The Act offers the major challenge to the hopes and fears of Catholic sociologists.

#### The Cost of Anti-Clericalism

THERE is something unnaturally wasteful about godlessness. As soon as the so-called liberals or anti-clericals take charge and instal their ideal of the lay State, the expenses of Government begin to soar. Spain furnishes a fresh example of this folly. According to a recent estimate furnished by the Minister of Finance, it will be necessary to borrow 27,980,821 pesetas in order to meet the crisis brought about by the dissolution of the Religious Orders and Congregations engaged in teaching. Of this sum, 4,897,500 pesetas will be required for personnel; 21,708,121 for material; and 1,375,000 for incidentals. This, it may be added, is only a fraction of the money that will have to be raised by taxation or borrowing, if the schools and colleges, formerly conducted by Religious, are to be operated at their former high standard of efficiency. Who, for example, will replace the Dominican Sister Saint Paul, who for thirty-two years taught French with distinction at the Tarragona College? Who will take over the 133 colleges abandoned by the Brothers of the Christian Schools? What brand of ethics and morals will be doled out to the 34,000 children who once received gratuitous education at their hands? Like the spoliation of the monasteries in the England of Henry VIII, this wholesale robbery undertaken in Spain is an assault on the patrimony of the poor. The secular learning which the lay State will substitute for Christian education will be just as effective (or ineffective) as the Poor Laws of

England were in their attempt to bureaucratize Christian charity. In a period of fifty years the devoted sons of St. John Baptist de La Salle imparted the elements of knowledge to more than half a million boys. Twelve of their schools in Madrid were in the poorest quarter of the city, all granting free tuition and many even supplying lunch as well as dinner to the students. If the newly elected members of the Tribunal of Constitutional Guarantees want to confer a service on their country, they will administer a sharp rebuke to the Masonic clique which has tried to deprive the poor of liberty and property.

#### Mecca and Lourdes

THE death of King Feisal of Iraq, on September 8, removes from the world one of those brilliant Moslem knights who have always appealed to the imagination of the West and veil Islam with a cloud of glory. Colonel Lawrence, "of Arabia," was fascinated by his dignity, by the impetuousness and courage united in a slender physical frame. Together at Mecca the two planned their immortal exploits of the World War. Yet the same passionate zeal for an inaccessible, wholly transcendent God, that gives Islam its force, renders the religion of Arabia helpless in the face of human misery. For Islam has no belief in the Incarnation, whereby to reconcile body and spirit. In the Paris *Etudes* for August 5, 1933, Jacques Pignal points out that the holy land of the Hedjaz has been the principal hotbed for Asiatic cholera for the last hundred years. Since the year 1831, twenty-seven epidemics of this terrible scourge have broken out in the Holy Places during the annual pilgrimages. The appalling facts have forced the Governments of the Mediterranean nations to recognize the close connection between the spread of cholera and the devotions of Mohammedanism. All the circumstances of these pilgrimages concur to further the disease. The aged and sick must participate. The pilgrims are exposed to violent changes of heat and cold, with insufficient clothing to protect them. Sanitary and medical provisions are either totally absent or hopelessly inadequate. Nevertheless, considerable progress has been made of late; and for the time being the microbe seems at rest. Souls infatuated with the glory of the East may profitably contrast Mecca's threat with the healing message of Lourdes.

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## The Future of Danubia

R. DU CHALIEU

AUSTRIA and the nations along the Danube are so remote to the average American that their problems seem totally foreign—and as such unimportant from an American viewpoint. But 2,000,000 Americans fought a few years ago in a War which started in Austria; and there is no doubt that should a modern version of the Austrian Empire—an economic union—group together the Danubian countries, the troubled conditions of our present world would take a turn for the better.

Strange as it may seem, the Allied War slogan, "Make the world safe for democracy," defeated the ends of democracy itself, for everywhere standing armies have reached totals unheard-of at the beginning of the present century, while the conditions of the civilians of the various Western countries have grown steadily worse. And that applies especially to Danubia.

Yet the Christian observer should not marvel at such a collapse of modern statesmanship. Selfishness, greed, and supreme indifference to the laws of God are bound to breed ever-increasing misery and strife. In what concerns Danubia, the materialist spirit that dominated the Peace of Versailles and the Treaty of Trianon marked not only the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire; but something greater and far more important: the collapse of the beneficial liberal organization which had rendered its provinces prosperous, and which was chiefly due to the assiduous work of their clergy and Catholic organizations.

Though the old Emperor Franz Joseph could hardly be termed a liberal, Catholic pressure within the Empire had finally prevailed on his sense of devotion, and had enlightened him to some extent on the up-to-date needs of the various nationalities under his rule. Thus in 1913 Austria was divided in seventeen provinces, each of which had its practically autonomous diet; Hungary included seventy-one counties under local self-governments, which were responsible to a central parliament. Croatia had a separate diet. Slovakia and Bohemia also enjoyed a certain degree of autonomy, although in many respects Bohemia was not treated as well as the other countries of the Empire.

One of its worst evils was the Imperial appointment of its Bishops; many of these prelates, non-Bohemians, were encouraged to keep on living in their original communities. Another aggravating factor in the old system was Franz Joseph's unwillingness to assume also the title of King of Bohemia; for the Russian Czarist Government, which, absurdly enough, coveted new territories while revolution seethed in its own immense domains, took advantage of it to work on the dissatisfaction felt by the Slav populations with the Hapsburgs.

However, Franz Joseph was old. His heir, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, who had taken as his wife a Slav commoner, had promised to turn the dual monarchy into

a triple one and the empire could have enjoyed without inner political strifes these advantages: The lack of economic barriers for a country of 55,000,000 inhabitants, extending from Russia to the Adriatic, from Germany to Serbia and Rumania; and the common though not exclusive financial administration which brought together States of great industrial development, mining districts which supplied them with the necessary raw materials, and rich agricultural regions. But the Serbian conspirator who assassinated Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Sarajevo, in June, 1914, marked the beginning of the World War and the end of prosperity—the shutting off of the greater future of Danubia.

Now let us observe what the Peace of Versailles brought about. None of the States it created is self-supporting. The most favored of all, Czechoslovakia, was given a large number of German districts, a sizable number of Hungarian ones, and about eighty per cent of the industries of the dissolved Empire. But the boundary and tariff barriers created by the split-up of Danubia have left these industries without a market. Out of the 14,730,000 inhabitants of Czechoslovakia, 750,000 today are unemployed. That is because to do without Hungarian food products in spite of their low cost, Czechoslovakia worked out a highly expensive home-farm development. Thus, while a bushel of Hungarian wheat minus duty, for instance, would cost the Czechoslovak buyer about one-third less than a home-raised bushel, Hungary, with plenty of farm products and no market for them, is unable to acquire Czech manufactured goods.

The Czechs are forced to import oil from Galicia—now Polish, iron ore from Styria—now Austrian, and wood from Austria and Transylvania—which has belonged to Rumania since 1918. All these products, which under the defunct Empire were free of duty, are now heavily taxed; furthermore, the rail fare has increased sizably, because the new boundary system has put out of use the useful direct railroad freight lines of the past. On the other hand, thousands of Hungarian herders were left overnight by the Treaty of Trianon with their farm houses in Hungary and their pastures in Czechoslovakia. These bewildered Gulyas must go now through a double passport visa every day; otherwise they could not bring their herds to graze in Czechoslovakia in the morning and back to their Hungarian corrals in the evening.

On top of that, fear of Germany, of Austria and Hungary, forces the Czech to keep in readiness a standing army of 137,000 men, with 820,000 active reserves and 620,000 second-line ones—and the corresponding numbers of airplanes, artillery pieces, and war tanks. Including the camouflaged budget, or military items put down as belonging to civilian budgets, the Czechoslovak military expenses for 1932 reached the sum of \$72,160,000.

Jugoslavia, besides economic troubles, is afflicted by a more poignant crisis. The Serbians, the rulers, are a good

sound people as a whole. But different racial habits and the fact that they are Greek-Orthodox often render them antagonistic to their Croat subjects, who are devout Catholics and proud of centuries of semi-independence. This feud between the Serbs of Belgrad and the Catholic Croats of Zagreb often degenerates into open guerrilla warfare, with the Croats on the loser's end because they are forbidden to carry weapons. Yugoslavia has also a ponderous army of 121,000 men peace contingent, with total reserves of about 3,000,000 men. The Yugoslav military budgets for 1932, including the camouflaged one, reached the sum of \$58,000,000.

Now let us consider Hungary. The peace of Trianon gave its industrial districts to Czechoslovakia and its mines to Rumania. Three million Magyars were cut off from their mother country and placed under foreign domination. Hungary, which would have named as its King the Archduke Joseph, was forced by the Allies to remain a kingless monarchy—the only substitute for a patriarchal, pastoral country, which prefers the semi-independence of the rural counties to a republican form of government. Hungarians do not starve, for the Magyar country is rich in food products. But the lack of money is appalling and the need of all kind of manufactured goods paramount. With no outlet for farm products, and no capital to build up an industrial system capable of substituting the too high-priced manufactured goods of Austria and Czechoslovakia, Hungary is sinking into a listlessness that could bring about the worst results if it were not for the patriotic and Catholic work of the Hungarian clergy and of lay Catholic leaders who follow the principles of Count Albert Apponyi. Thus, even within the Socialist workingmen's associations, the spirit of the Encyclicals "*Rerum Novarum*" and "*Quadragesimo Anno*" fights off successfully radicalism, and leads the Magyars bravely through their hour of trial.

The spirit of those two glorious Encyclicals is also supporting Austria in its present predicament. Austria of today consists of a few mountainous provinces and Vienna, a town of 2,000,000 inhabitants with a banking system built to supply and direct the financial needs of an Empire that does not exist any longer, with industries that are chiefly for the manufacture of luxuries for which there are no worthy markets. Austria, the worst treated of all the nations which made up the old Empire, inherited the most expensive features of it: for instance, a railroad system extremely costly because it runs up and down mountains—its 300 tunnels alone amounting to fifty full miles.

Looked on suspiciously by Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, rebuked by Hungary, which recently adopted a policy of heaping on Austria all the real and fancied faults of the old Empire for the sake of gaining the sympathies of the nations that still look at it askance, Austria is now exposed to a most forcible drive from Nazi Germany. But Austria weathered worse storms immediately after the War under the leadership of the Catholic statesman and priest, Msgr. Seipel. Favorable to an union with a Germany that would leave unchanged her traditions and

faith, Austria rebelled against the anti-Catholic steam-roller that menaced its age-old civilization, which is a product of all the races of Central Europe. Led by Chancellor Dollfuss, a man of rare energy and sincere faith, Austria has temporarily succeeded in maintaining her independence.

But what has the future in store for Austria—for Danubia as a whole?

One thing is sure: Danubia cannot carry on indefinitely in its present state. Under the old Empire it was prosperous and self-sufficient. It imported only three raw products: cotton, copper, and rubber. Nevertheless, all the countries of Danubia, together with Poland and greater Rumania, do not buy today as much cotton, rubber, and copper as they did before 1914. That proves the extent of their financial difficulties. How could it be otherwise with their present boundary chaos when, among other things, what was a single railroad system before is now divided into six different administrations, each with its own rolling stock, freight and passenger rates, tariffs, and laws? Yet, while unemployment and want are rampant all over Danubia, the various armies of its actual countries reach a total that dwarfs the old Imperial one; and the expensive modern war machinery renders them several times as costly.

The logical conclusion would be that the countries of Danubia should melt their borders into a confederation. But how could that work when none of them would trust as a federal president a statesman of another nationality? With materialistic interests dictating the policies of the world, no nation would consider its future safe in the hands of an outsider.

However, there is among them a bond that could form the basis of a better understanding. The great majority of the 81,637,000 inhabitants of the Danubian countries proper and Poland are Catholics. And it lies with them to substitute a Catholic spirit of justice, brotherhood, and forbearance to the bitter differences that part their various countries. Real as are many of these causes of suspicion, of racial and political antagonism, they should give way to a higher sense of duty toward faith and civilization. Differences with non-Catholics, like the Greek Orthodox of Rumania and Serbia, or the Lutheran minority which today is so active in Hungary, could be adjusted with that wisdom that is the age-old heirloom of the Roman Catholic Church.

Conceding that it would take years to bring about the better understanding necessary to the building of a Danubian confederation, the Catholics of the old Empire, from Poland to Transylvania, could for the time being pool their efforts toward the achievement of an economic union that would lift Danubia from its actual morass of suffering and chaos.

If that should happen, Western civilization could rely on a surer future. For, as in the past Catholic Danubia stopped the advance of Islam by crushing the Turkish power on the plains of Hungary, Christian Danubia can be forced to face tomorrow another menace coming from the East: the advance of Bolshevism, either brutally mili-

tary, or peacefully but through intense propaganda.

Besides, it will be very hard to work out a recovery of the remainder of the world as long as Danubian affairs

do not take a turn for the better. Danubia is the heart of Europe, and Western civilization will remain crippled until Danubia's sufferings come to an end.

## How I Never Got to Lourdes

JOHN GIBBONS

THE trip seemed in its way an almost miraculous chance, and when I first heard about Algeria I can say that one of my first thoughts was that now I should be able to get to Lourdes after all. Ordinarily, you see, I couldn't have afforded it this year and I was sorry. I always like to go, only not in the least because I am a good man but because I know myself in many respects to be a thoroughly bad man, which of course makes me all the more anxious to go.

I worked out just how I was going to do it. It wouldn't be on the outward trip, because the firm to help me on my way had bought me a return ticket from London to Marseilles and I couldn't waste it. But coming back it would be simple; I'd be my own master then and an extra day could easily be managed. The boat would reach Marseilles at 6 a.m. and there is a train out at 8.10, change at Toulouse 3.36 p.m. and you'll be in Lourdes at 7.20 that evening. There are millions of things that I am a fool about, but I do understand time tables; I even noticed with pleasure that at Cette they hitch on a restaurant car. Then I planned how I'd drive to the little hotel that I always use in Lourdes, bolt what was left of their dinner, and still be in time for the Procession. A night's decent sleep and you've all next day in Lourdes, leave 6.58 p.m., and be back in Marseilles next morning with plenty of time for the *rapide* to Paris and so home next day. That'd give me my trip to Lourdes and all at the minimum of expense to myself. I'm a clever dog at planning things, aren't I?

Then it didn't work out that way at all. Africa is a bit startling after London and I went a lot farther than I meant to; right down past Figuig and down to Colomb Bèchar out past Algeria altogether and into the Military *Confine*. It's hot; I'll say it's hot. And I've been in New Orleans in June and if a Louisianian found himself in Colomb Bèchar he would cable home quickly for his overcoat. There is a Legion barracks there and some Spahis and that's about all; the only scrap of cool in the place is inside the little church. There is a White Father there, one of those priests with a long beard. Then I went further still to Taghit and that's in the Sahara and really is getting warm. There is one Englishman in the French Foreign Legion fort there and I hope that he likes it.

The fort looked exactly as a fort ought to look according to the talkies, but the men that I met were very often all wrong according to the movie standards. I met, for instance, one *Anglais* in the Legion who had taken a great deal of trouble to get a leave to Oran so as to be able to go to the Protestant church there and attend the Episcopal Communion; his reason was not that he particularly believed in it but that he wanted to please his old mother

at home and he couldn't very well tell her a lie. That's not a bit what happens in the Legion films! I also met a Legion officer with the medals of fourteen campaigns and a large selection of wounds who was looking forward to his next leave, because every two years he always went over to Our Lady of Lourdes. But I am not of course saying that the bulk of the *légionnaires* I met were like that: what I do say is that they are not a bit like those of the books. And I talked to everyone who could understand me, a few English and, I think, two Americans.

Then of course each man I met knew a dozen more men who if not English had a scrap of our language and naturally I was always host to the lot. You can't exactly go out to Algeria as a journalist and expect the men on the cent-a-day business to do the paying; and possibly that awful climate does make one legitimately thirsty. And anyway I couldn't grumble with the story I was getting.

But after a bit it did strike me that I was running short. Lourdes was still well in my head, but there wasn't much cab and restaurant car about the business now. It was coming to me that I'd have to go *au troisième* from Marseilles to Lourdes and back to do it at all, which in the French trains means the wooden seats, and then as often as not the fast trains don't carry third classers at all. It wasn't going to be nearly so comfortable. Maybe I'd been thinking a bit too much about the journey to Lourdes and too little about Lourdes when I got there.

In the end it was a great deal worse than any wooden-seat business, because I just didn't get to Lourdes. In fact, I very nearly didn't get anywhere at all, not even home. I think Tizi was the last place I called at coming up from the South—that's near the famous Sidi Bel-Abbès of the books—and as even my sort of accountancy couldn't help noticing that there was next to nothing left in my trousers' pockets by then, I wired happily home to my wife to send me some more to Oran and then proceeded to spend up what I'd got left. Prudence is one of the many Catholic virtues in which I am a bit on the short side.

It is 7.27 in the morning when that train gets into Oran and a brute of a time, too. I never do like mornings much and the Oran variety, with a dense mist rolling in off the Mediterranean, is particularly bad. My coat was damp all over as I walked down the hill from the Algerian Etat station to the post office, and then the blessed place didn't open till eight and I stamped my feet outside. And when it did open, there wasn't anything for me.

Well, as my wife put it with a certain amount of spirit later on, was she supposed to sit at home every minute of some weeks while I went gadding all over Africa? And I see now that there may be something in the idea. But

at the time it came to me as a bit of a shock. Twenty francs I spent there and then in sending a violently remonstrative cable and when I'd got the thing off I had exactly three francs balance, or say ten cents of American money. As far as I could make out in my sort of French the post-office people were saying that I might expect an answer by perhaps three o'clock or perhaps four or five or six. It was a long way to London and back and nobody could tell to within a few hours. Everybody in the post office seemed quite happy about it.

And I stared a bit. There are only two boats a week from Oran to Marseilles and today's was leaving at four. It was nice to know that I had in my pocket a ticket from Marseilles to London, only it's a two-day boat trip to Marseilles and (always excepting, of course, the people in those "Heroes of the Foreign Legion" books) I don't quite see how one can swim the Mediterranean. Well, it's no use saying that I haven't been broke before. Once in Naples and once in Sarajevo in Bosnia, and then once in Lisbon I had to go to the Consul. And there was a time in Birmingham, Ala., when I ran out and wasn't too happy at the way that hotel clerk was looking at me. And of course I am more or less permanently broke in my own London. But all those times seemed somehow different and as I stared hopelessly round Oran it struck me that never before had I seen any town where I so cordially disliked the idea of being left with ten cents.

It's half French, you know, and half Arab, with about three-quarters Spanish and a few minor percentages of Italian and Portuguese, if you see what I mean. And the official notices are in French and the cinemas and so forth are advertised in Spanish; also there are a lot of Moorish Jews there. There were no signs of anything English at all or even American. Then to keep myself warm I went for a stroll. There is a big place that looks like a cathedral and in a square outside I found a statue of St. Joan of Arc of Afrique all gilt and color; I didn't know that St. Joan had anything to do with Africa. There is a plaque on the plinth with Marshal Somebody leading the blessed French troops in 1832. I suppose that's when they conquered the place and I wished that they had conquered it a bit more thoroughly and put up a post office with faster cables.

Then when I was tired of walking I came back again. There is a little *place* outside the Oran post office and when they seemed to be getting sick of my dropping inside every ten minutes to the *poste restante* (what you call general delivery) I sat on a bench in that *place*. It's not too good; when that mist goes off and the African sun gets out the pavement will almost scorch the soles off your boots. One franc fifty was what I'd got left now, besides a torn Moroccan note that I had brought up from the South and that nobody in Algerian Oran would look at. I grew positively to dislike that square. I was thinking a good deal about the "President dal Piaz"—that's the Marseilles boat—and the sort of meals that they would serve. If ever I got my passage money to go back, that is. Incidentally, I also remembered about Lourdes and all my plans coming to nothing.

Hours and hours I sat on that beastly bench, and it may have been just after two o'clock that I suddenly heard the thing, church music a bit like at home, and an old priest and half a dozen boys in shabby red cassocks crossing the *place* and all the people who weren't Arabs touching their hats, so I suppose that they'd be going to somebody who was dying. And I stood up, too, and took my own hat off. Then when they'd passed I looked to see where they had come from and where the music was and it was a little church right at the back of the square where I hadn't noticed it before. So of course I went inside and it was open—which at that time and in that climate it wouldn't ordinarily be—because they were getting ready for a funeral. And when I got through the door the very first thing that I saw there before me was Our Lady of Lourdes.

Well, that's all. That cable did come and a cabman got me aboard the Marseilles boat just in time. They do not let you leave Africa very easily and there were a lot of formalities, but I just scraped through. Then four days later I was boarding the Boulogne boat for Folkestone and home and it was full of nice, clean-looking English pilgrims just back from Lourdes and all talking about what a wonderful place it was and what a dreadfully long journey they had been through. Only I felt so horribly ashamed of myself because I hadn't been. Or had I been after all?

For it seemed to me that one of the wonders of Our Lady of Lourdes might have been that her power stretched out across the mountains and the seas even to Oran in far-off Africa. That twenty-franc cable of mine was of course a triumph of modern science, only whether the business might take hours or a day nobody knew. But the answer was certain enough and instantaneous and infinitely cheaper. I think I said that it was a franc and a half that made up my balance. That, you know, is all that it cost me.

And even if there had been no francs at all, I know that there would still have been an Answer.

#### WHITE SILENCE

I shall remember how a perfumed shower  
Of white plum petals soft as patterned lace  
Fell noiselessly beneath a leafy bower  
Upon a lifted face.

I shall remember how an early snow  
Came softly through the watches of the night,  
And simple villagers awoke to know  
A thousand lanes of light.

I shall remember when the dark comes down  
To shroud my heart in somber robes of gloom,  
That once white moonlight passed a sleeping town  
And filled my quiet room.

But how white wings of morning gently stirred,  
Shattering silence with a burst of song,  
And how deep peace out-distanced voice and word,  
I shall remember long.

SHIRLEY DILLON WAITE.

## Chicago Turns Back the Clock

FLORENCE D. SULLIVAN, S.J.

**M**ANY people have come to think of the Century of Progress as symbolic of the bustling, thriving, wind-swept city that domineers Lake Michigan and serves as the financial and economic heart of the great Middle West. Springing up as if by magic under the fertile spirit of the pioneers, Chicago flourished as a trading center and was on its way to greatness when the devouring flames reduced it to a vast field of gray ashes and burnt clay. Undaunted, the city rose again more splendidly, and with the blood of the sons of the pioneers grew rapidly into the rich metropolis of today, climaxing its century of growth by the elaborate World's Fair on a peninsula artificially thrown up in the beautiful lake at its feet.

The past is usually an augury of the future; but will this be true of Chicago? Will the idea of progress be forever intertwined in its history as it has been in the past? Or has Chicago suddenly chosen to plunge itself back into the pioneering age, into the limitations and narrow horizons of the little red school house, into the period of enslavement of the working man? If so Chicago must speak of retrogression and not progress, and it must resign its laurels if, despite its past record and the splendid type of citizenry that honors it, the Powers-that-be have surrendered to greedy capitalism on the one hand and to the gangsters and racketeers on the other.

Chicago has a tarnished record. Crime, rackets, graft, wholesale murders, polluted politics, have suggested the passing of civilization. But the latest sign that the metropolis is slipping back to barbarism is the recent performance of the Board of Education. In one sweeping gesture, on July 12, this newly appointed group of henchmen hand-picked by the Mayor under the influence of the high-pressure Citizen's Committee has torn down the educational edifice which it had taken the best brains and years of constant striving and experimenting to build up. The kindergartens have been reduced to half, junior high schools scrapped, the only city junior college abandoned, physical education and outdoor games almost eliminated, supervision of schools and classes reduced to a futile minimum, with the burden placed on principals and teachers so heavy and unreasonable, that not only must the system fail to meet the standards of the North Central Association but it must mean the breaking down of health and nerves and morale of the whole teaching profession with the consequent disintegration of the pupils.

It is true that there is a clamor going up for economy everywhere, and public education may have received more publicity in this regard than it deserves, though one willingly grants that there have been excesses in some places and along some lines. But it seems so unfair for the political bosses when they are driven to the wall by the bankers to take the bread from the mouths of the defenseless teachers and opportunity from the hands of the

growing youth of the nation while cravenly continuing to oil the palms of their henchmen and vote getters and play the old game of graft with the contractors and manufacturers.

What are the facts in the Chicago case? There was need of economy. There is need of it everywhere and always was, but we have had to have this long-drawn-out depression to make us know our extravagance. But the waste in Chicago has not been through the teaching profession or the schools except in so far as the political machine has had its way in filling the buildings with job seekers who are engineers and janitors and ward bosses all in one, and in pushing an extravagant building program which pleased the contractors and supply dealers who have a habit of working hand in hand with political bosses and Boards of Education when these are not independent of the Ring.

In announcing their decision to dismantle the school system, the Board explained that there was a \$10,000,000 deficit hanging over from the last four years which had to be wiped out immediately. Despite the expert opinion of Judge Righeimer, attorney for the Board of Education, that "the general deficit in the Chicago School Board Budget can be met by spreading it over two years (1933-1934) with no cutting down on the children's education," the scrupulously exact Board decided that it had to be done *now*. And before the public had time to realize the ruin and destruction of the most progressive features of their public-school system, the axe had fallen.

But Dr. Judd, of the University of Chicago, has gone over the figures of the auditor's books and finds that the statement is misleading and the urgent haste is uncalled for. Instead of the announced \$10,000,000 he finds that on December 31, 1932, the total deficit was \$6,795,016.96. Instead of 1933 showing a deficit, the figures show that by shortening the year to nine months, lopping off two weeks in June and two in September, there should be a favorable balance of \$800,000; and this without any of the cutting and mutilating of the present school activities as planned by the wreckers.

The method by which the wrecking was done is also noteworthy. The Board of Education was selected by the Mayor, and in this case the Mayor was the tool of the Citizen's Committee which had declared a little revolution of its own against paying past or present taxes while continuing to use the golden Loop for the gathering in of numerous shekels. Recently seven of the old Board ended their terms of office and seven new men were appointed. They were not chosen for any educational qualifications, for they had none, at least in the technical sense. They were not interested in the children or the teachers or the cultural progress of Chicago, but they were ready to rubber stamp for Big Business and the recalcitrant taxpayer. One faithful guardian of the schools still lingered

on the Board but she was treated as a useless antique by the restlessly active new members. Meeting secretly without Mrs. Hefferan or the distinguished superintendent of schools, Mr. Bogan, they laid their campaign plans, and coming late and ice-bound to the public hearing that had been promised, they listened with sardonic smiles while the mothers pleaded for their children and the school system. Then they voted on the most drastic and unintelligent junking of all the best features of the public-school system and put Chicago back into the pioneering era alongside the country school in the backwoods.

By their decree, which they refused to rescind in the face of the greatest demonstration of lovers of the American child, many of the latest developments in modern education were cast aside. The famous junior high schools which had their finest development in Chicago and where they have proven their worth in the satisfaction of parents and the success of the pupils when these migrated to senior high and to college, are now merely a name. The buildings are being remodeled for grade and high schools, though these were so peculiarly constructed to meet the unique objectives of the junior-high ideology that the waste and financial loss will be enormous. But greater than the material wreckage is the closing of the doors of opportunity to the youngsters who would have been moulded to self-reliance and citizenship, and to habits of scholarship.

There can be no discussion of the success of the junior high schools in Chicago. I have had the pleasure of checking up on some of them and I found them most efficient, with a healthful orientation towards the future fields of study. The records of students who passed from these schools to higher studies have proven that this period of adolescence needed just this care and cultivation. Dr. Strayer, of Columbia, in his report on the Chicago schools declared that the junior high schools were the brightest spot in the Chicago school system. The President's Committee on Social Trends reports that the "intermediate school" later known as the junior high school was the most revolutionary development in the educational system of the country and records that, up to 1930, 460 cities had installed the system. It was found that the cost per pupil was much less in the junior than in senior high school. The environment and the watchfulness of carefully selected teachers went far to discover talent and to direct abilities into favorable channels, and vocational guidance so well recognized as a necessity today had its best field. And the administration of these junior high schools has been efficient and economical under the careful direction of District Superintendent Joseph Gonnely, a man beloved in the Chicago schools. But a sudden and man-made hurricane has wiped out the fact and the tradition from the city of Chicago.

But perhaps the worst blot that the reactionary decree placed on the school system is the ignoring of the absolute importance of leadership and personal supervision in making a live school function. All the theory in the world is useless unless there are persons at the head with adequate understanding and expert training and with

authority to fit the theory to the situation. In all school systems the value of the principals and supervisors has been stressed. Frequently it is found that the personality and leadership of the principal indicates clearly the quality and type of attainment of the school. But the Board of Education has decided that one principal should be able to handle at least two schools in different parts of the city, dividing her time in halves or thirds between her various offices and faculties and groups of children. One would have to be ignorant of the needs and responsibilities of a school unit to believe that part-time direction can do anything but ruin organization and morale while making the important duty of solving ever-rising problems impossible. And it is plain that no consideration of the health or nerve strength of the principal has entered into the futile plan. It will be found that no human being, man or woman, can carry efficiently such mountains of care and responsibility with its endless chains of details and unexpected developments which will occur so long as teachers and pupils and parents are not machines and raw material of the technocratic dream. And supervisors will be reduced, with such a load on each one that there will be no supervision of teaching or child welfare, but only of mechanical details and petty expenditures.

The problem immediately arises whether the North Central Association can continue to consider the Chicago schools standard. Can these meet the minimum requirements when the fundamentals of good school administration are seriously violated? If not, then the children will be outlawed educationally and will be denied admission to recognized colleges and universities. This would mean the handicapping of all the Chicago children who attend public schools. The whole State of Mississippi was thus put under a ban when politics took hold of the State colleges and universities, and the same may be the result in the Chicago case if proper supervision and adequate administration is sacrificed to a pretended economy.

But there are several dozen other violations of the best thought and methods in helping to rear a healthy and wholesome youth for valuable citizenship. Recreational facilities, health care, supervised games, vocational training and guidance, are all to go by the board. The whole results of years of struggling to bring better social conditions in the lives of the children and their homes especially in poorer neighborhoods and to teach the principles and inculcate the practice of physical and mental hygiene, will crumble into a wasteful mess, piling up the work and hopeless struggle of charity and social organizations throughout the city and filling hospitals and jails with neglected childhood.

The Century of Progress with its fan girls and its Paris needed no sideshow of a Nero fiddling as he turns Rome into ashes; but it would seem that this little autocratic Board of Education, not elected by the people but appointed by a mayor, who himself was not elected but appointed by political heads, is enjoying a little fiddling while they dynamite the rich structure of education and laugh at the public and the crumbling ruins. Must Chicago be content to turn back the clock?

Sociology

## Tidal Brains

JOHN WILTBYE

EVERY now and then this Federal Government reminds me strongly of Abigail Eliot. That, probably, is because I have never been on cordial terms with what, in fine disregard of constitutional language, some people call "the Washington Government." I think that this lack of love, this actual coldness on my part, can be traced to the fact that I am the son of an unreconstructed Rebel who emerged from the War between the States with a pair of jeans breeches and a butternut shirt, both tattered, and little else in the way of worldly gear. Naturally enough, for the rest of his days he regarded the Washington Government with a frosty and disapproving eye.

However, I have never come to an actual rupture with the Government, although during the Harding Administration a truculent gentleman in the Bureau of Education threatened to delate me to the Secretary of the Interior. But it so fell out that the Secretary was engrossed with larger deer, such as the Teapot Dome, and furtive grants to oil companies, and the reception of bulgy black satchels. Being a small mouse, I escaped censure; otherwise I must have seceded and, like Huck Finn's father, left the Government flat. It is sad to think, too, that all my years of disaffection have failed to halt the onward march of the Washington Government.

But let us not keep Abigail waiting.

You can read all about her in a famous book by Increase Mather, a respectable Divine who certainly would have made his fortune had tabloid journals flourished in the old Bay Colony. As a mere child, writes Mather, in his "Remarkable Providences," Abigail "had Part of her Brains knocked out, and yet lived, and did well." That she survived is due to the ministrations of "two able Chyrurgeons," the Mayo brothers of the community, who were speedily summoned. The first, Mr. Prat, thought to begin by enlarging the opening in the head; but the second, Mr. Oliver, demurred on the ground that under such procedure "the Air would get into the Brain." Mr. Oliver prevailed, and his method was to cover the wound: "so he did apply a Plaister," and later "a silver Plate," to the head. Thereafter little Abigail flourished, although "the Brains of the Child did swell and swage with the Tides," much as those of the Federal Government have been wont to do ever since Andy Johnson's troublous times. "What is marvellous," adds old Mather, "she was not by this Wound made defective in her Memory or Understanding." Here the parallel with the Government limps somewhat. About seventy years ago, the Government had Part of its Brains struck out by the centralizing Amendments, and while it has lived and, on occasions, done well, it has never been quite what it was under the Fathers.

Of course, when we talk about "the Government," we must not base our remarks on the assumption that it is a sacrosanct sort of institution, endowed with qualities which fall just short of sanctity, omniscience, and omnipotence. That assumption might have passed muster as a patriotic device in the old days when the Federal Government was so wobbly that it seemed likely to expire before sunrise. In point of fact, "the Government" is a group of successful politicians whose virtues and vices are very much like yours and mine, and whose genuine good will is apt to be warped by the pressure of demands that have nothing to do with the common good.

These gentlemen, and ladies, live in a rarified atmosphere, a heady atmosphere, an atmosphere that at times minimizes those sections of the Constitution which deal with the metes and bounds of the Federal Government. At other times, it goes to their heads like wine, strangely distorting the demands of wisdom and of common sense. Briefly, if we look to the thousands of men and women at Washington, beginning with the President, as a convenient point of departure, and ranging from the Supreme Court to Congress, through all the grades and degrees of judicial, executive, and legislative officials who constitute "the Government," we will well understand why political government is just what we make it, or force it to be. Admittedly, these officials administer for the time being a power that comes with a Divine sanction. But it does not follow that they will always administer it honestly and intelligently. Hence there need be no great surprise if at times "the Government," more properly "the Administration," acts like an Abigail Eliot who never had the services of those two able Chyrurgeons, Messrs. Oliver and Pratt.

When I think of the many splendid enactments of the last Congress, and then of the obstacles which the Government itself is placing in the way of complete enforcement of the Recovery Act, I conclude that Abigail was indeed fortunate. Three years ago—or was it two?—President Hoover summoned the great figures in commerce and finance to a White House conference, and when it was ended, the President had a promise that the leading industries would hold to their respective wage scales and would not swell the ranks of the unemployed by dropping more workers. Within six months, as we all know, these same great figures sent forth their orders, and at once wages were slashed, and millions of workers went to the breadlines. The Government was betrayed by the very leaders on whom it had confidently relied.

Can a parallel that is newer be found? Easily. Six months ago, the President announced his plan of fighting the depression by putting the unemployed back to work. What was then stated in general terms was set forth

specifically a few months later in the National Recovery Act. Employers were requested to take on more workers, to shorten hours, and to increase wages. The plan seemed good, and also, with a bit of stretching here and there, possible; and as far as can be seen, employers, with some very notable exceptions, are now earnestly trying to make the plan work.

Unfortunately, the unit which employs more workers than any other establishment in the United States is one of the notable exceptions. The Government is taking no steps to bring it into conformity with other employers who have signed the pledge. The bad effects of this example are beginning to be felt, for the largest employer of labor in the country is actually boasting that it has fewer employes and a smaller payroll than at any time since 1923. That boast sounds as if it had been emitted by Abigail before Messrs. Pratt and Oliver appeared on the scene. As a matter of fact, however, it was written by our largest employer, the Federal Government, in a report carried by the United Press on September 8.

At the end of July, excluding the civilian conservation corps, and the military and naval personnel, the Government had 554,981 employes, or nearly twice as many as the American Telegraph and Telephone Co., which has about 291,000. Following the A. T. & T. come the United States Steel Corporation with 158,032 employes, and the General Motors Corporation with 116,152. In June and July, when the Federal Government was exhorting all employers to take on more workers at higher pay, it was busily engaged in reducing 18,925 men and women to the ranks of the unemployed.

It had already slashed wages for all Federal employes by fifteen per cent. But to give its exhortations for higher wages point and weight, it added enforced furloughs without pay, which in some departments, I am informed, reduced wages by an additional ten per cent. Obviously, the first effect of all this was to weaken the purchasing power of the employes retained, and to destroy it in the case of all dropped from service. A secondary effect was to cast doubt upon the reality of the whole plan offered by the Government, and in the end that may be the more serious of the two.

There is not the least doubt that Washington was cluttered up with useless and harmful bureaus that had to be destroyed in the interests of good government, not to speak of economy. No one can reasonably complain of the cutting out of these excrescences. At the same time, it must be remembered that probably ninety per cent of these employes were guiltless of any formal participation in the guilt of bureaucracy. They had secured their jobs through civil-service examinations, and most of them had no political affiliations, except those forced upon them by the party overlords. There was no reason in the world why the President's wish that these employes be transferred to the new bureaus should not have been respected; except the very powerful reason that the new jobs were needed to satisfy minor politicians who clamored for their share of the loot.

Further, the uniform cut of fifteen per cent, applying alike to the President's \$75,000 and the typist's \$1,200, was stupid and shameful. The cut meant nothing to the holders of the salaries in the higher brackets, many of whom were men of great means, but it meant the difference between barely enough and actual want to the others. There is such a thing as a wise economy, and an economy that is frankly boneheaded. What is all this talk about "priming the pump" worth, unless the Government pours money down the pipe? These wholesale dismissals of messengers and office staffs have little effect on the costs of government—and none at all in the way of "economy" when the same jobs are re-established under another name—but the effects of these cuttings and oustings on the general morale can be most depressing.

If the Government desires to put the Recovery Act across on a wave of general enthusiasm, let it begin by enforcing the Act, in spirit, if the letter is inapplicable, for the benefit of its own employes. They have stomachs as well as the man who works in a ditch, and if they have no roof over their heads, they will get as wet and cold as the President in the same homeless state. The great principles of justice and charity, exemplified in so striking a manner in the Recovery Act, apply to all men without exception, simply because they are human beings with human needs. Let us have more applications of these principles at Washington, and fewer orders issued by officials who, like Abigail, own Brains that do swell and swage with the Tides.

### Education

## The Other's Cheek

F. X. DEVER

**B**EFORE coming to the main point, let me premise what has stirred me to consider the public schools of our country. In the first place is the fact that within the past year I acquired something like a half interest in a parish school. Financially speaking, the entire interest is my affair. But speaking educationally, my part in the school is only slight. Diocesan superintendents, supervisors, and Sister superiors so adequately structure the course of studies and pattern the discipline of the parish school that simply to enter it makes a pastor feel not unlike a housebreaker. Still, it is a pride of his. It is a chip, not alone a load, on his shoulders.

In the second place, my many good friends of a non-Catholic persuasion frequently rally me about my intransigent stand on the Catholic school question. It is all sheer fun, I know. The other day I called on the assistant superintendent of public schools in one of our large cities. It was so funny to hear him tell me, at the close of our interview, that he thought the few parish schools he had chanced to visit were really quite good. He was patently too much a gentleman to intend more than the reproachless humor of his remark. It always improves the pleasantries of such occasions to remember that, after

these many unprotested years, such officials are patronizing to us simply by force of second nature. They get that way in virtue of certain assumptions. However, they see the fun of it, if one unshoes these assumptions, or turns on the cheek of them. The joke may reach them, like the drift of a perfume, only after you have departed. But it is encouraging, and enough, that they see it. And they do. At least, such is my growing opinion. They may be blank about myelinization, though that seems the thing today in problem psychology and pediatrics. But the friendly "josh" is not beyond them.

It is tactically gauche to be too outright with them at the start in censuring the public schools. To begin by saying that a sound Christian education is the only worthwhile education there is today misses the finesse of fun. A quotation eases off the approach much more happily. Such a stricture, for example, as James Harvey Robinson wrote in "The Nation's Schools," that "our education is one of the sad failures of our history," can be advanced. It might be called the hypodermic approach. The point gets under the skin, but squirts a sedative at the same time. It is a toned experience whose resonance is not so unpleasant. They cannot object, if, in your lesser opinion, the public-school system seems at least a half-failure. One never goes too far by thus halving the matter. Besides, they have less to take in, and understand:

As a follow-up, it might next be advanced, that public-school education is a half-witted system. Certainly it fits either sense of the expression. It actually wits not of God and the hereafter; and is, too, the fool that says, in regard to the intents and purposes of education, that there is no God. It is as half-witted as saying that a sphere has only one hemisphere. In fact, the public-school system assumes merit for its theory, that the science of hemispheres is best taught by those who maintain utter silence about spheres. In other words, that children become better offspring to men, if never taught that they are also, and even more so, the children of God. And what we may call this great hemisphere of knowledge, to wit, the knowledge of God and eternity, is lopped off the curriculum in order precisely to afford children what these educators like to call an all-round education. It scarcely goes too far, to refer to this half-measure system as a half-witted thing.

When you get to the point of saying, that the public-school system is a half-tyrannous one, then the fun breaks out in dimples. Yet it is a fact that it is as natural for human beings to want to know God as to want to know anything else. In the celebrated Girard Will case, Daniel Webster put this truth very plainly:

The earliest and the most urgent intellectual want of human nature is the knowledge of its origin, its duty, and its destiny. Whence am I? What am I? And what is before me? This is the cry of the human soul as soon as it raises its contemplation above visible, material things. . . . And that question nothing but God and the religion of God can solve. Religion does solve it. It teaches every man that he is to live again, and that the duties of this life have reference to the life which is to come. Consequently, ever since the introduction of Christianity, it has been the duty, as it has been the effort, of the great and the good, to sanc-

tify human knowledge, to bring it to the font, and to baptize learning unto Christianity.

But it is no less a fact that learning is thus baptized only when "the religiousness of knowledge," as Scripture puts it, goes hand in hand with knowledge itself, when, as Pius XI has it, "all the teaching and the whole organization of the school is regulated by the Christian spirit."

On the other hand, the education that completely eliminates from its scope this religiousness of knowledge, and thereby despotically denies to human beings that Christianized instruction which the very nature of man needs, and childhood quite demands, is a system of education that is at least half-tyrannous. By its very design it detains in ignorance, and keeps captive from the Light, all the religious wants and hungers of man's God-made and God-engraven nature. It hands the child instead a little learning, which is a dangerous thing, and in lieu of bread, a scorpion. For knowledge without goodness, as Pope Nicholas III often observed, is poison without antidote. To tell free Americans that their free schools are half-tyrannous, and at the same time keep the tongue in the cheek while saying it, is "joshing" under difficulties. The free-school assumption is a pet one. In turning on the cheek of it, one needs to be irreproachable.

And much more so, if one ventures the assertion, that these schools are but half-American. Smiles get a bit gingery at this. The fun seems to show more than a mere 3.2 ferment. But Laughter stands up for you with a rousing "Here's how!" After all it cannot be denied, that the very vitals of Americanism are maxims like this from the Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, [and] that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights. . . ." But the vitality of all these is Christianity's own. That fourth-of-July doctrine is not self-evident, except where Christianity is evidenced. That doctrine cannot be proved except by Christian principles. That doctrine could not have been declared, or defended, except by men ably taught in Christianity. In a word, Christianity is the parent-half of Americanism. Hence, that doctrine cannot be observed nowadays except by those who are taught equally well the principles of the Creed along with the corollaries proper to the country. If therefore education does away with the former, it leaves the latter only half of itself. As such, it is but half-American.

Another bone of friendly contention, for it is a funny bone, might be this. Both the Senate of the United States and the House of Representatives, once they have convened, open their every session with a daily prayer. Two chaplains, in fact, are retained on salaries for this one purpose. Few other Governments in the world,—possibly no other—thus offer to God officially the reverence of a daily, national acknowledgment. In other words, we have in this everyday act of Congress a further index, or item, of our nationalism. But, on the other hand, no prayer is ever heard, or allowed to be heard, in any classroom of any public school in the nation. The Congress of our Republic may start its work with God. But the children of our republican schools must start their work, even

begin their life, without God. Of old it was said, that this Government cannot endure half-slave and half-free. The point is, that this house of ours is indeed divided against itself, if measured by the rule of professing God. It seems still partly enslaved, and only partly free. It more than seems, then, that somewhere in these matters is a half-failure.

All this, as was said at the beginning, rests on a certain belief. No one seriously believes, for instance, that having a bone to pick with another is practically the same thing as having a picnic. Still, something might be said for thinking so. It is a heart-easing belief, as Milton said of Mirth, and just the spirit for such bouts as above suggested. The elixir of argumentation is not always logic. The insurgency of fun is oftentimes far more preferable. And against another's cheek, scarcely less powerful.

### With Scrip and Staff

WITH characteristic forethought, the Anchorite explained that his icebox, or icehouse, which stimulated him to last week's communication, was not a figure of speech, but an actual ubication, or locus, where he could enjoy the coolth and defy the heat of August. To satisfy himself on this point, the Pilgrim made himself a pilgrimage to the Anchorite's icehouse, and also discovered it to be an agreeable retreat, conducive to meditation. The particular reflection, however, which occupied him, was not the mystery of Serendip, but a wonder that all the frantic schooling in economic reality that has deluged the poor human race these past few twelve months, has not severed us from false economies.

It is going to take all General Johnson's horses and all the Blue Eagle's men to make some people see the *practical* unwisdom—even for their own personal, material interests—of taking the NRA as an excuse to drop whole classes of workers from the payroll.

In like fashion, it is a false economy to make the depression an excuse to neglect the helps which the Church provides for the spiritual strengthening of the people. This particular thought came to me as I listened, previous to the above meditation, to the eloquence of a veteran Redemptorist missionary, who was troubled at the thought of what the Catholic people of our parishes are losing by the neglect of parish missions during the present period.

"They have no excuse," he added, "on the plea of expense. Parish missionaries have offered to give missions free, with no cost to the parish save the railroad fare of the missionary. Yet even at that, parishes are being deprived of the spiritual help which our people need at the present time more than ever."

Not merely this individual missionary, but many another thoughtful person whom the Pilgrim has met with during the last few months, has echoed the same idea: that we have somehow failed to bring home to the Catholic people the deeper lesson of the depression. Despite all

that has been said and written, most of our fellow-citizens fail to recognize the *moral* causes of their own distress. Or, if they do grasp the moral factors, they do not see that these moral causes concern them personally, and demand a reformation of their own personal lives.

We are sure to regret this. Even now, it is the failure to understand the depression which is hindering the progress to recovery.

ALL this may sound too critical. But if we Catholics never criticize ourselves, no one will trust us. The oft-repeated assurance, that always, in every respect, we are doing everything just right, arouses suspicions which, in the long run, do more damage than a reasonable amount of criticism. Personalities and fault-finding are hateful; but humble self-examination hurts no one, if done with due balance, restraint, and respect for the constituted authorities of the Church.

The danger of suppressing all criticism in the political field was recently pointed out in the face of the Hitler regime in Germany. Doctor Thum, chairman of the Berlin Foreign Press Association, expressed the warning, on April 6 of this year, against making the press a mere mouthpiece of the Government. "It would be dangerous," he said, "to build up a public opinion outside the press, which would be united in its conviction that the press itself is without significance" (*Stimmen der Zeit*, June, 1933, p. 163). Once such a conviction has taken hold, it gives rise to endless rumors, such as are the plague of the Russian situation: wild stories from Riga, Helsingfors, etc.

Catholics who complain of the misconceptions and canards that afflict us in this country, would do well to ponder Stuart Goulding's "Indictment" in the *Commonweal* for September 1, in which this veteran journalist deplores the well-nigh universal difficulty of getting material for publicity on Catholic events and Catholic teaching from Catholic sources. Mr. Goulding may have overlooked a few sources which could be more easily tapped than those which he mentions; but the "Indictment" should rouse us to action. Here, surely, is a false "economy" to be abolished.

SOME folks go so far as to economize on street-car fare by staying from church; but not thus Joseph P. Buckley, of New Orleans. Mr. Buckley estimates that he has spent \$3,500 in carfare alone in traveling back and forth between his home and his parish church in the fifty years which have elapsed since he graduated from the old Jesuit college of New Orleans. In honor of the golden jubilee of his graduation Mr. Buckley was a guest of honor on July 25 of this year of the Rector and community of the present Jesuit High School in that city. From the around-the-table discussions and conversations facts came to light that revealed the jubilarian to be a distinguished and humble Catholic layman.

No one knows the charity of Joseph P. Buckley. In the conduct of his own business, he has—despite a huge drop in operating receipts—discharged none of his em-

ployes, nor lowered their salaries. But it is as head of the laymen's retreat movement in New Orleans that he is best known.

Twenty-eight years ago Mr. Buckley initiated the Holy Week open retreat for men at the Jesuit Church, New Orleans, with the sanction of the Rector at that time. He personally came in contact with scores of Catholic men all over the city, and reached through circulars scores of others. From that year to this, the Holy Week retreat to men has never been omitted.

About ten years ago the Jesuit Fathers secured a suburban house and refitted it for closed retreats. Retreats were held there annually until in 1931 the large Jefferson College property was bought from the Society of Mary and devoted to retreats for men. Throughout these years Mr. Buckley has recruited about a hundred retreats; he has talked, advertised, sponsored, "sold" the retreat idea to his fellowmen, untiringly, during these many years. The success of the retreat movement in New Orleans is undoubtedly due to the fact that Mr. Buckley has never believed in that worst of all economies: sparing himself, but has consecrated all that was in him to this great spiritual activity. Such "spenders" are the riches of our laity.

THE PILGRIM.

#### AN IRISH DRESSER

It has row upon row of shining plates  
That tell the old Willow Pattern tale,  
With great side dishes—matches and mates—  
And a well-worn Rosary hung on a nail,  
That is near to your hand.

And Grandmother's teapot of Wedgwood blue,  
An old wooden mether was found in a bog,  
Stout pewter dishes, a noggin or two,  
A candlestick, and a little delph dog,  
With queer, glassy eyes.

Brown luster jugs, and painted bowls  
Of Irish china, as white as an egg,  
All covered with beasts and whorls and scrolls,  
And a Waterford pitcher, secure on a peg,  
Worth its weight in gold.

Great soup-tureens, and a copper pan,  
And deep, blue dishes for pies and tarts,  
A ship in full sail, brought by Uncle Dan  
Home from his travels in furrin' parts,  
God rest his soul.

Blue-banded bowls, all piled in a row,  
Milk-crocks, half lacquer, half dull brown-red,  
A glass globe, a-shine in the firelight's glow,  
Like a kitten's eye in-under a bed  
In the dark of night.

And, what couldn't be bought for love or money,  
A blue dish shaped like a wedge of cheese—  
A wedding gift—and a jar for honey  
That is used as a storehouse for recipes,  
And needles and thread.

Oh, a great hold-all is an Irish dresser,  
Where it stands by the end of the kitchen wall,  
Sure, if it wasn't for it, Herself, God bless her,  
Could never lay hands on a thing at all,  
At all, so she couldn't.

CATHAL O'BYRNE.

#### Literature

### Environment and the Writer

FRANCIS TALBOT, S.J.

*The eighth in a series of articles on "Writing."*

HEREDITY doubtless contributes an important part in the making of a writer. But of the two kinds, spiritual and physical, the latter is of vastly lesser importance. The former is the heredity derived from reading, of which I treated sketchily in the last of these installments. From the reading of the classics and the more recent masterpieces, the one with an ambition to write chooses his literary ancestry. He is not dependent on chance for his progenitors. He picks out for himself those with whom he wishes literary kinship and those from whom he is proud to claim descent. For every writer who speaks honestly about himself will be forced to name some previous writers who were actually his literary parents. From these authors whom he has read, he has derived himself.

Ordinarily, we speak of these writers as influences; they are probably more than that, though we may be quite as unconscious of their parentage of us as we were of our physical introduction into the world. Shakespeare, for example, the dramatist, was born from the ancient classics and the medieval legends. Dickens evolved from the nameless insignificants who wrote novels in the eighteenth century, for he confessed that he gulped them down, all of them, ravenously. Newman derived from Cicero and, in part, from Scott, and from Scott, too, descended such a one as Ranke, the historian, and Balzac and Thackeray. There is undoubtedly a literary tradition, which consists of father and son and grandson, but in this tradition the son chooses the father.

As for the physical heredity of writer from writer, I would seek more data before I would speak absolutely. But no one ambitioning to become an author should be deterred because his parents were not writers, nor because his grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins did not devote themselves to the profession. It seems to me that preciously few good writers, in any genre of literature, were the sons or daughters of those who were good writers. I can remember very few, of all the authors about whom I have any knowledge, who have left behind them children capable of producing the kind of books they left behind them. Whenever we hear of a son or daughter famed for authorship, having a father or mother similarly famed, do we not note the fact as a curiosity of literature, a bit of erudition worthy of being sprung on a literary group, or incorporated in a book review?

As far as I can determine, the gift or talent of writing, the desire and the ambition, is by no means a matter of physical heredity. Almost every writer that one hears of rises from the normal level of the populace, from that, namely, in which there is not a tradition of writing, as a family trait. There are exceptions, of course, but these are exceptions. In most of the cases that can be instanced, a family of writers consists of those of the same

generation. There are the three Benson brothers; there are the four, or maybe five, Gibbs; there are the Meynells, the Brontës, the Garnetts. There are amazingly few families that continue the writing profession, in any of their members, through one or more successive generations. The writer usually blossoms as a lone flower on a family tree.

Theoretically, it would seem that one endowed with a talent for writing would be better nurtured literarily in an environment of culture and bookishness. Children who grow up with parents and relatives who read and discuss books, who live in a home of bulging bookcases and abundant magazines, whose family circle includes authors and artists and people of higher education would seem naturally to have a tremendous advantage over those whose lives were cast in a family of no literary atmosphere. Perhaps authors do develop in greater numbers from such surroundings. But it cannot be denied that many who become famous authors have no such early literary associations; furthermore, that they have had to struggle on their own, sole initiative to emerge out of an environment of inartistic, and even illiterate people.

My contention in these observations is simple, and is for the encouragement of all who aspire to the profession of writing. One who is born of and into a family of culture, of literary pretensions and interests, one who grows up in a literary environment, absorbs the art, the technique, the faculty of expression in writing. This is a physical advantage, and is priceless. This explains the superiority of old-world moderns, of the German, the French, and the English, over the modern Americans. These old-world writers have the steady, unbroken culture of generations about them; they are born into it and are surrounded by it, with the result that their writing has a depth and a richness and a maturity that is so often lacking in our own authors. Nevertheless, the one born to write can create, early or late, his own literary environment, and this mostly through his reading. He does not need, as an essential, a bookish home atmosphere, nor relatives inclined to literature, nor a literary association of any sort. He needs only the urge within himself, and this urge will find its out.

Another kind of environment as it affects the practising writer might be not inappropriately introduced here. Some years ago, when I was engaged in the drudgery of teaching, an extremely bright boy who was doing poorly in class gave me an excuse which I have not forgotten. "How can I study," he expostulated, "in the dining room, with everybody talking, and the kids running about and the baby crying? You can tie up a dog and keep it quiet, but you can't tie up kids." Such an environment, I had to admit, was not conducive to study, nor are such surroundings helpful to a writer. Still, there is a lady of my acquaintance, one of the foremost of the purely popular writers of the day, who claims that she can write best in the hubbub of the family circle. The newspaper man who has been forced to produce copy in the midst of the excitement of getting the paper out, with typewriters clicking on all sides of him and reporters scuf-

fling about him, contracts a faculty of writing in the midst of din and uproar. The vast majority of writers, however, require quiet and peace in their immediate vicinity while engaged in the actual task of composition. For writing requires intense concentration, it demands an obliviousness to physical surroundings, it produces a nervous state in the writer that reacts against any sense disturbances as intolerable irritants. Hence, most writers in their actual labors forge an environment of closed doors and rooms closed to sounds.

In his leisure hours, however, the writer instinctively seeks contact with the world about him, especially if he be a young writer and creative. This will explain the drift of aspiring writers to New York. Deep in the soul of every aspirant to authorship is the desire to meet others of his chosen craft. He wants to know editors, not only as possible patrons of his work but even more as men of experience in current literature. He seeks out other writers, as a bird flocks with those of his feather. He may end in a Greenwich Village garret and be happy with the crowd of poets, novelists, painters, sculptors, musicians, and whatnots that he finds there assembled. And if not that, he devises an entrée into literary salons and procures an invitation to drink tea and other liquids at literary gatherings.

Undoubtedly, such associations are helpful to the young writer in his formative period. He becomes suffused with the glamour of the writing profession. He is stimulated by the talk, finds inspiration for his work, seeks to emulate those who have had some success, is stirred up in his ambitions, discovers new ideas and unthought-of outlooks, and quite generally is primed, as it were, for the writing that he has in hand. The social life, however, of teas and parties is ruinous to the young writer unless he has the self-control to keep it at the very minimum. Far better is the contact of kindred souls, bent on writing, in soberer groups where literature is a study and not a gossip, where the young writer's efforts may be read and criticized, and where exhilaration comes from the brain rather than from the senses. In his early years, the aspirant to authorship will find it most helpful to unite himself with other ambitioning literateurs.

As he becomes surer of himself, the writer goes his own individual way into solitude. He finds his inspiration within himself, he has finished with experimentation, he has tested his powers, he clearly visions the goal that he is to attain, he is self-sufficient as a writer, and all he need do is to seek that seclusion wherein he may have the leisure to put into words what is surging within him. Some few writers need literary associations always to keep them from becoming flat and stale. But the greater number need the environment of loneliness the while they write their books or longer articles. For writing is a gripping, jealous occupation. It encompasses a man wholly. It whisks a man out from his habitual world, and demands that he cut himself off from the distractions of his normal life. When a writer is to write what is worth reading, he must be in an environment composed entirely of himself.

## REVIEWS

**The Celtic Peoples and Renaissance Europe.** By DAVID MATHEW. New York: Sheed and Ward. \$5.00.

In the flood of heresy which inundated the British Isles in the sixteenth century, the Celtic peoples seemed for a moment destined to stem the tide and retrieve Britain for the Faith. In this heroic effort they were aided by the Spanish court as well as by the Roman Curia. Here were the elements that might have made for a far-reaching counter-reformation. Unfortunately, a strong spirit of nationalism, fanned to fever heat by anti-Spanish sentiment, overpowered by brute strength the Irish, Scots, and Welsh who remained true to the ideal of an ancient spiritual unity. With London as its center, a great modern State, bureaucratic and national, sprang into existence. Trade, profits, colonies became the new gods of the wealthy merchant and land-owning classes. Only in Lancashire did a staunch outpost of Catholicism survive. There was no room for compromise between the ancient Celtic society and the new Renaissance State. As Christopher Dawson says in his brilliant Introduction, "no sociological contact was possible between the Tudor courtier with his mind attuned to all the subtleties of political intrigue and to all the refinements of Renaissance culture, and the Gaelic chieftain who still reckoned his wealth in cattle and his renown by the praises of his hereditary bards." The destruction of Gerald, Earl of Desmond, was a sign of the power of the former and a warning to the knight-errantry of the latter. The fall of Essex sealed the victory of Elizabeth and Cecil. But the failing Celtic remnants, strangled by the South and East of England, yet influenced these sections in turn in the death struggle. The merit of Father David Mathew's recital of this story lies in tracing the struggle down to its roots and in his presentation of family types from each of the great racial divisions of the British Isles. In short, the process is particularized. The English courtier and the Welsh squire, the Italian cardinal and the Tudor country priest, the Spanish noble and the Irish chief, the oarsman of the Western Islands and the Cornish pirate, are seen in this narrative not as picturesque figures in an historical pageant, but as the representatives and vehicles of social traditions which are also spiritual forces. The method throughout is scholarly, being based on State papers, family records, and other manuscript sources. In spite of its occasional obscurity and quaintness of style, this study of Celtic and Spanish influences on Elizabethan history offers the first adequate account of what happened in the lapse of Mary's Dowry from the Faith. J. F. T.

**Back to Christ.** By REV. JACQUES LECLERCQ. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$2.00.

This book is a valuable addition to religious literature because of its careful workmanship, masterful style, and clear, vivid development. The author with a great deal of discernment has prepared this volume to provide for a definite need, namely the lack of ascetical literature with an appeal to laymen as well as to priests and Religious. This work will in a great measure provide for that need. The science of Casuistry and the necessary stress upon analysis in theology has brought about too wide a cleavage between moral and ascetical teaching. Unfortunately, the result has been that we too often forget that the message of the Gospel is not Christ's admonition to avoid mortal sin but rather His exhortation to perfection. "Be you perfect" is Christ's loving message not only to Religious but to all Christians. As the author says, the present day movement in favor of a popular, synthetic presentation of theological principles has not been invented by himself. But we can be sure that this volume which gives us in an interesting and vivid manner a synthesis of the teaching of the Catholic Church, will add great impetus to that movement. The author brings us back to Christ. He gives us the glad tidings of the Master, not a religious manual of a professor. This is a typical passage: "When men of calculating mind tried to draw from Our Lord what is the minimum of sacrifice indispensable for salvation, they usually drew an outburst of indignation upon them-

selves. 'Look to yourselves,' He tells them." To reduce religion to a question of this kind is to understand nothing of the spirit of the Gospel which is all enthusiasm, beauty, self-surrender, idealism, love. And love never calculates. Rev. Francis Day in translating this excellent work has apparently lost none of the beauty and appeal of the original. E. F. X. I.

**Letters of Robert Browning.** Collected by THOMAS WISE. Edited by THURMAN HOOD. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$5.00.

To many Americans whose acquaintance with Browning has been made through "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," this new collection of his letters will prove mildly disappointing. For the Wise collection, despite its some 200 letters addressed to most of the prominent literary Victorians, is not a romantic revelation of the poet's heart. Unlike Stevenson who wrote commentaries on his own life, or histories of his progress in literature, and unlike Keats who was as naïve as a young girl, Browning confined himself strictly to the business of personal communication. Indeed, so meager are the more intimate references that one cannot even call the letters intensely interesting human documents. As rarely guilty of a State letter as he was of passionate revelation, Browning never sacrificed the pleasure of his friends for the advantage of the next century's curiosity. Hence we find Browning's letters concise and personal, completely divorced from the journalistic and literary associations which give classic correspondence its universal appeal. The value of the collection therefore lies less in its intrinsic personal interest than it does in the fact that it presents a complete and unromantic picture of the poet. Browning as the Anglo-Saxon Abelard of the love letters or as the mystic hero of the Browning societies, is much less a man and an artist than Browning as revealed in his own letters to his intimate friends and to his son, Pen. His wide correspondence reveals a normally intelligent man who found in the simple life the best preparation for great poetry, who was so frankly professional about his craft that he could talk shop most casually. Perhaps the greatest omission in the present volume is that of the Lady Ashburton letters. However much we admire the poet for the moral delicacy which impelled him to destroy her Ladyship's packets, it would be better to have documented truth about the affair rather than a host of myths. Dr. Hood has chinked up the gaps of the Browning story with a brief introduction and scholarly notes. Students of Browning and of Victorian literature will find this book extremely useful. F. X. C.

**Samuel Butler: A Mid-Victorian Modern.** By CLARA G. STILLMAN. New York: The Viking Press. \$3.75.

This book is sinister and poisonous, all the more so because it is well written, and represents a considerable labor of investigation and study. Mrs. Stillman's infatuation for the perverse and inhuman character who hated his father and mother and two sisters, who flattered himself that he had destroyed the foundations of the Christian religion (which he stupidly confused with Anglicanism) and who wrote of his own work, "I shall do nothing well unless *con amore* and under diabolical inspiration," arises, perhaps, less from any real admiration of him as a man, than from the fairly evident fact that he stands in her mind as a symbol of a hatred of Christianity which is also hers. Her account of Butler's life is vivid and interesting, but her conclusions are quite unreliable, and her philosophizing is shallow, emotional, and as sentimental as only a materialist's can be. For example, she tells us that "Butler's religion (*sic*) offers a kind of immortality, though not the kind that most people mean when they seek assurance of survival after death. . . . We can go on living, even though unconsciously, in the memory of others and in our influence on them. Through love and through achievement we can create our own immortality, which exists in the thoughts and actions we induce in others." How touching! "If Butler cared more for men than for women, he cared more for ideas than for

either." The truth appears to be that Butler cared most of all for himself. The value of his ideas may be gauged by the fact that he imagined he had invented a rationalistic explanation of the Resurrection, which destroyed its miraculous significance, and with it the main support of Christian doctrine. Mrs. Stillman says, enthusiastically, "He had got hold of something tremendous and yet so obvious that no one who examined it carefully could fail to see it." On the next page she admits that Butler knew his argument was only a version of that of Strauss and Bauer and other "German" rationalists. She herself goes on to give a whole-hearted endorsement of the theory, without the slightest indication that she has even read the impressive literature, by Catholic and other scholars, unmistakably refuting it. In conclusion, after a chapter of solemn quasi-atheistic nonsense, she holds forth the consoling hope that "the individual of the future will arise only out of the individual's death in the mass." If this does not mean Communism, what does it mean? W. T. W.

**The People's Choice.** By HERBERT AGAR. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

Mr. Agar has condensed all the important facts of public interest in the lives of our Presidents from Washington to Harding. It is really "A Study in Democracy," as its subtitle styles it. One is puzzled to find twenty-nine names, and twenty-nine corresponding portraits, of Presidents, when in reality there were—during these years, 1789-1923—but twenty-eight, until the discovery is made that Mr. Agar has included in the list the Confederate, Jefferson Davis! By his division of the period covered into three main headings, captioned Oligarchy (Washington to John Quincy Adams); Democracy (Jackson to Lincoln); Plutocracy (Johnson to Harding), Mr. Agar adroitly specifies the typical characteristics of the times under discussion. The stability of Hamilton's financial philosophy is cleverly contrasted with the agrarianism of Jefferson; and the persuasion that the former's oligarchical system is unsuited to present-day conditions lingers in the reader's mind. While not a work of deep scholarly research, this book contains much that it is eminently fitting a gentleman should know. It is attractively written. There is a good bibliography and an index. M. J. S.

### BOOKS AND AUTHORS

**Criminology.**—Nathaniel F. Cantor, lawyer and sociologist, essays a critical estimate of the present status of criminology and penology in his "Crime: Criminals and Criminal Justice" (Holt. \$3.50). He succeeds in adding substantially to the existing general confusion in criminal theory. The only illuminating chapters of this sizable work are those dealing with the "Making of the Criminal Mind." There is presented a comprehensive summary of all the prominent investigations and studies relative to the causal factors in criminal behavior. The methodology and conclusions of these endeavors, so often accepted without question or quibble, are subjected to scientific criticism, substantiating the author's contention that they have often contributed but little to our knowledge concerning the genesis of crime. Further than this no answer is given to the question, "What are the causes of crime?" The bearing of religion on crime, causes of crime, and crime prevention, is totally ignored. The discussion of this all important factor is dismissed in one brief paragraph of fifteen lines. A brief, incomplete, and misleading survey of the penal system of the Soviet Union is given in the appendix.

**Various Modern Problems.**—Economic planning is the slogan of the hour. Many believe a new order of society is in the making. In the meantime, exponents of the old order, although outnumbered, are not silent. They believe in reform, not revolution. In "Capitalism and Its Alternatives" (H. W. Wilson Co. \$2.40) Julia E. Johnsen has compiled selected articles on Capitalism, Socialism, Communism, Fascism, Hitlerism, and Technocracy.

Acknowledged authorities in the field speak on each subject, while references are supplied to a host of books, pamphlets and periodicals. The material has evidently been compiled to be of service to debating societies, inasmuch as the book opens with a brief presenting affirmative and negative sides of the question: Resolved: That some substitute for the present capitalistic system should be adopted in the United States. The treatment is both adequate and fair.

"Can Business Build a Great Age?" (Macmillan) by William Kix Miller answers the question with an optimistic affirmative. It is a pleasant book, written in the style of after-dinner speakers, and is very re-assuring to a capitalist looking for confidence. "I devoutly believe in the capitalistic order. I believe in its strength and am not afraid of its contacts anywhere. I believe in capitalistic experimentalism." There is a marked sympathy shown for Russia and Internationalism.

"Men Against Death" (Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50) is a vivid story of the fight that has been and is being waged against death-dealing diseases by heroic men of science. The conquest of spotted fever and parrot fever; the battle against paresis; the safety of expectant mothers; the turning of the rays of the sun to light up new hope for consumptives—these are some of the splendid achievements told by Paul de Kruif. Hope it brings, yes; but hardly the hope that De Kruif seems to cherish that our mortal bodies may gain an immortality here.

The question of applying sanctions to aggressors, combined with the very definition of an aggressor, has raised acutely the problem of how far national self-help with all its varieties of coercion, such as blockades, boycotts, etc., are to come within the scope of the League of Nations and the "outlawing" process of the Kellogg pact. Are the terms of the League Covenant, limited in their application to *de jure*, offensive war? This question is asked and its many implications discussed by Albert E. Hindmarsh, Assistant Dean of Harvard College, in "Force in Peace" (Harvard University Press. \$2.50). The author sounds a serious warning, and is far from satisfied with developments to this date. "Aggression," he says, "must not be limited to resort to war. It must be made synonymous with any use of armed force in international affairs prior to appeal to arbitration or judicial settlement."

**French Studies.**—"La Défense de la Santé Publique pendant la Guerre" (Yale University Press. 36 fr.) is a valuable book, accurately written. Every authentic document available has been gathered and carefully examined. It contains many helpful charts and graphs showing the extermination of various diseases at different times. Dr. Léon Bernard's purpose was merely to set forth clearly the state of public health in France during the War and to show the measures taken by public authorities for the prevention of contagious diseases and plagues. This the writer achieves.

"Manuel d'Etudes Bibliques" Tome IV, Les Evangiles (Tequi. 45 fr.) by M. l'Abbé Lusseau and M. l'Abbé Collomb gives the excellent French translation of the revised Cornely's Compendium Introductionis in Sacram Scripturam by A. Merk, S.J. It had only been published in 1928, yet it evidently does not meet every want. For the "Manuel" professes to satisfy the needs of the extended Seminary course, of the busy parish priest, and the intelligent laity. Thus it is much more than a mere digest, without at the same time being as exhaustive—and perhaps indigestible for the common run of readers—as the solid and scholarly *Cursus Sacrae Scripturae*. The gospels are illumined by the choicest Catholic scholarship of the last decades that the diligent search of the Reverend Abbés could discover and collate.

"Saint Roch" (Marietti, Turin. 8 fr.) by l'Abbé Maurice Bessodes is an attempt such as the Bollandists are constantly engaged in to disentangle history from legend. In the life of this Saint who is hardly known even by name in this country but whose very fame on the Continent has caused an accretion of legend to the basic fact of his Christian charity. The Abbé has given us a very readable and instructive piece of biography. With-

out being a process of "debunking" it is a sober yet reverent historical study.

"Figures de Miraculés" ("Sketches of the Miraculously Cured"), by Louis de Bonnières (12 francs), is the fifth in the series "Je sème." As the title hints, it deals with some of the more recent cures at Lourdes, telling the story, with portraits, of the most remarkable cases, including that of Madame Delot, cured instantaneously of cancer of the pylorus. The volume is a valuable addition to the existing literature on Lourdes.

The conversion of a great actress to the paths of higher sanctity is something frequently dreamt of and talked about, but seldom realized. The French star, however, Eve Lavallière, *la première, la seule*, was one of those privileged few. The story of her "conversion" is told in "Une Etoile" in documented form by H. Willette (P. Téqui. 12 francs). Mlle. Willette interviewed in person, and at length, the instrument of Eve's conversion, the Abbé Chasteigner, who recounted to her the wonderful narrative and provided her with much material in the form of correspondence.

**Understanding The Child.**—In "Case Studies of Normal Adolescent Girls" (Appleton. \$2.00) Elsie M. Smithies, M.A., takes an easy, sympathetic attitude towards the modern high school girl in problems of "self-distrust, exhibitionism, parental dominance," etc. which helps to her maturer grasp and to practical application of right principles in their solution. She deals with common problems in a practical way and, therefore, does a real service to deans of women, teachers, parents, and to the general reader.

Here is a study, "Growth and Development of the Child. Part II: Anatomy and Physiology"—A Publication of the White House Conference (Century, N. Y. \$4.00) both suggestive and expository,—a consensus of expert opinion on the growth of skeletal muscle, the appearance of ossification centers as criteria of physical development, and the skeleton as fossil record of metabolic disaster or of bodily progress. The precociousness of the nervous system with its early integration of parts is as fascinating as the theories of function regulation in the cortex. The normal circulatory and respiratory capacities of the individual child serve as standards by which to regulate derangements in time of incipient or of lingering diseases. Let's learn them. In phases where our ignorance is at fault, inadequacies have been indicated and pathways of approach pointed out. Charts of increments of growth and reference lists complete this useful book and will be valuable for class-room study.

**Books Received.**—This list is published, without recommendation, for the benefit of our readers. Some of the books will be reviewed in later issues.

ANGEL IN THE HOUSE. Kathleen Norris. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.00.  
 BETTER CITIZENSHIP FOR LITTLE AMERICANS. Edith W. Lawson. Beckley-Cardy. 75 cents.  
 DANGER CIRCUS. Raoul Whitfield. Knopf. \$1.75.  
 GLORY OF THE SEAS. Agnes Danforth Hewes. Knopf. \$2.00.  
 HAPPINESS FOR PATIENTS. John Joseph Croke. Hospital Publishing Company. \$1.00.  
 HARLEQUIN OF DEATH. Sydney Horler. Little, Brown. \$2.00.  
 HEN THAT KEPT HOUSE, THE. Emma L. Brock. Knopf. \$1.50.  
 HERE COMES THE KING. Philip Lindsay. Little, Brown. \$2.50.  
 IDA ELIZABETH. Sigrid Undset. Knopf. \$2.50.  
 INDIAN GOLD. Orin Mack. Knopf. \$1.50.  
 INTRODUCTION TO EDUCATION. Frasier and Armentrout. Scott, Foresman. \$1.80.  
 JULIAN GRANT LOSES HIS WAY. Claude Houghton. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.  
 LIFE AND RELIGION. Father James O.M.Cap. Herder. \$1.75.  
 LITERATURE AND LIFE, BOOK I. Greenlaw. Scott, Foresman. \$1.80.  
 MANUAL OF THE MARRIAGE LAWS OF THE CODE. Rt. Rev. Louis J. Nau. Pustet. \$3.00.  
 MARTYRDOM OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL, THE. Arthur Stapylton Barnes. Oxford University Press. \$2.75.  
 MR. PETE & CO. Alice Hegan Rice. \$2.00. Appleton-Century.  
 NOTEBOOK OF NOTHING. Dina Ferri. Bruce Humphries. \$2.00.  
 OLD-FASHIONED TALES. Zona Gale. Appleton-Century. \$2.50.  
 THE OXFORD MOVEMENT: Its History and Future. J. Lewis May. \$3.50. Dial Press.  
 PETER ABELARD. Helen Waddell. Holt. \$2.50.  
 THE QUICK AND THE DEAD. Gerald Bullett. \$2.00. Knopf.  
 SANCTIONS: A FRIVOLITY. Ronald Knox. Sheed and Ward. \$1.50.  
 SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME, THE. H. G. Wells. \$2.50. Macmillan.  
 STAR MAGIC. Channing Pollock. \$2.00. Farrar and Rinehart.

### The Soft Spot. Six Girls. Men of Good Will.

In "The Soft Spot" (Little, Brown. \$2.50), A. S. M. Hutchinson, the author of "If Winter Comes," has again created a Mark Sabre in the form of Stephen Wain, a literary portrait of a life-like being. Stephen, in whom the soft spot lies, invisible to the human eye, manages to affect disastrously a great many lives because of his aptitude for invasion. As a youth, Stephen gets established at Brinksea only through the kindness of his half-brother Maxwell. The fountain-pen episode at this phase of the story gives the reader his first inkling as to Stephen's inability to resist any pressure on his soft spot. The following incidents leave the reader eager to finish the story: how Stephen attempts to acquire legal status at "Shipmates," his brother's estate, how he searches for him in the heart of Peru, how he finds the all-important will only to suppress it, how he marries well, and when the soft spot threatens the happiness of his daughter he finally attempts to set himself free. At every turn the soft spot is touched and we are delighted when by reading a passage of Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven" Stephen is made to feel that complete atonement will ease his conscience. Mr. Hutchinson has indeed told a dramatic story in analyzing a type of character unfortunately too common today.

Six young English girls gathered in their end cubicle at Ladywood for the last time—what a rare discussion they did have—their hopes, fears, ideals, and ambitions. Tomorrow they would leave sheltered Ladywood to greet Life, and what did Life hold for each one of them? Pauline Warwick answers this question for you in her most recent novel, "Six Girls" (Dial Press. \$2.00). A motley group were the six—frank Pat with her journalistic dreams, airy Rosemary with her social aspirations, wealthy Ann eager for marriage and children, social-minded Joan, Cecelia bent upon a scientific career, and fascinating Feo. Fate plays queer tricks, for Peter Dacre-Smith, Pat's fiance, falls in love with another of the Ladywood group, thus causing complications to arise. In a very clever manner Miss Warwick untangles the web in which Peter is caught. Peter's married life provides highly interesting reading, since his gay wife is the attraction of many social circles. The paths of the six girls of Ladywood often cross, sometimes pleasantly, sometimes otherwise. In this pleasing modern novel Miss Warwick seems to be setting forth the marriage versus career problem; she scores four marriages against two careers. Does marriage bring happiness, does success bring happiness? Draw your own conclusions from the experiences of six modern girls.

Under the pen name of Jules Romain, Louis Farigoule begins a pretentious work of which the first volume, "Men of Good Will" (Knopf. \$2.50), gives promise of success. No longer satisfied with the limited scope of the modern novel and fretting under the restrictions of portraying a single character or evolving a unified plot, Romain believes that the novel should be a picture of life, of reality in all its phases, in every corner and from every angle, the crystalizing into words of the shrewd, deep observations of the keen portrayer who watches humanity in a whole city through wide-angle lenses, noting its characteristic evolutions, and delving into every heart for its motives and reactions. The pictures that he paints of the life in Paris in high and low strata are vivid and realistic. The style brings back some of the charm of the old-time narrative, so easy going and natural is the telling. Throughout, the complex workings of human minds, good and bad, are artfully revealed. Unfortunately no Christian modesty or reserve guides his inner eye or restrains his pen. There are several episodes that are vulgar in the extreme, and even the cleverest etching cannot make pictures whose very subject matter is revolting and sordid anything but a shameful disregard for the sensibilities and consciences of Christian readers. The author promises that there may be twenty-five or more volumes to this one novel; but it is doubtful if Americans can be won over to such a protracted reading. The effort to introduce a new type of novel will be watched curiously by the critics.

## Communications

*Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.*

### "Souper-Reviewer"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Writing to the *Herald-Tribune* on the subservience of Americans and the lack of servility in Englishmen (where can the man's eyes have been?), our street-barkering friend, William McFee, remarks in a letter of quaint English: "You may say that it is ridiculous, the foolish way men loved and revered him (Edward VII). Well, I have known an American kneel down and kiss a dirty priest's hand in public!"

The "dirty priest" can of course be none other than Cardinal Hayes. The "and," Sherlock Holmes might deduce, would be the Cardinal's ring.

I should be sorry to dispute the testimony of any representative of England's lower classes on the subject of dirt. But I think it well to make a note of the fact that the excellent *Sun* thinks it wise to entrust to this loose-mouthed, souperized ex-Irishman (the kind that in Famine days renounced nationality and traditions for a plate of soup, a man that has nothing English about him but who calls himself "strictly Anglo-Saxon to the core," and who has a pronounced "Down with Ireland and to 'ell with the Pope" complex) the reviewing of both Irish and Catholic books. I have on several occasions protested to the *Sun* privately. I now follow some others in protesting publicly.

New York.

BENEDICT FITZPATRICK.

### "A Question of Expense"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

My unshakable conviction that any Catholic girl is better off without a college education if she must attend a non-sectarian institution to obtain it probably renders me a prejudiced observer, unfit to comment on A. K. M.'s letter printed under the caption, "A Question of Expense," in your issue for August 19, but there is one point on which I believe that I can contradict him with authority.

In at least one Catholic college for women in the State of Pennsylvania, students can and do earn part of their tuition and living expenses by work done within the college walls. The kinds of work are the same as those mentioned by A. K. M., typing, clerical and library work, service in dining room, pantry, etc. A definite schedule has been worked out by the management—so many hours of service per week are accepted as so much payment on account of board and tuition.

As for the spirit of democracy current in that particular college, I offer two stories that need no comment. During the week end that I spent as guest of the faculty, a group of Seniors presented for our entertainment a very creditable performance of "Monsieur Beaucaire." The title role was played by a handsome and talented girl who was working her way. On the following morning at breakfast I heard congratulations on her splendid performance being called to her as she carried trays in and out of the dining room. There was not the slightest trace of embarrassment on her part, or the slightest condescension on the part of her companions.

The other story concerns the college's institution known as "Mothers' Week End." On one occasion each semester, mothers of the students are invited to spend a week end with their daughters. Special entertainment is provided for the visitors and an opportunity is given them to see just what college life means in this day and age for their children. On the Mothers' Week End

previous to my visit, a wealthy girl whose mother was dead had asked and obtained permission to substitute in the dining room for a working student who would otherwise have had little or no time to spend with her mother.

Philadelphia.

MARIE SHIELDS HALVEY.

### Friend to Mexico

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The sudden and untimely death of the Most Rev. John J. Dunn, Auxiliary Bishop of New York, cannot fail to fill the heart of every Mexican Catholic with genuine grief and sorrow.

In Bishop Dunn we Mexican Catholics have lost a true and loyal friend, one who would readily recognize our rights as Catholics and who would staunchly fight for them.

Bishop Dunn would readily recognize, too, the indisputable fact that much—much indeed—of the responsibility for the catastrophe of the Catholic Church in Mexico rests upon the shoulders of the American nation, and he would courageously say so.

It was my great privilege once to meet him, kiss his episcopal ring, and receive his blessing. Early in 1928, after the confirmation ceremony at the Church of the Miraculous Medal, he delivered a soul-stirring piece of oratory on the Mexican situation. The blood of a Mexican Catholic prompted me to thank him for his valiant fight in defence of the Mexican cause. But his sermon had been too much for me. Overwhelmed with emotion, I found myself speechless in his presence. He must have felt a couple of tears on his hand when I kissed his ring. With paternal solicitude he assisted me to raise myself from my knees and, gently pressing my shoulder with his hand, said, "Don't worry, my boy, our Lord will no doubt hear our prayers for the Church in Mexico, and all will be all right again. When? Only He knows. Now we must also pray for our beloved country. Upon our shoulders rests much of the responsibility for what in Mexico happens to-day. I fear that some day this country of ours will have to pay dearly for what the Catholic Church is going through in Mexico."

I repeat: death has taken away one of our best friends. And I feel that in this saying I voice the feeling of every Mexican Catholic who knows about Bishop Dunn's activities in behalf of our Church in Mexico. May the good Lord in his infinite mercy have rewarded with a double crown of glory our beloved departed for his noble work.

Brooklyn.

DANIEL A. PARDO.

### Nationalism and Heresy

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the Note and Comment column in the issue of AMERICA for September 9 under the heading, "Nationalism Under Fire," you remarks: "In the words of the learned editor of the *Month*, extreme nationalism, whether racial, political, or economic, sins against the fundamental precepts of Christian doctrine and is justly called a heresy."

We wonder what AMERICA and the editor of the *Month* understand by extreme "racial" nationalism. Could it be the erroneous notion that among several races politically united one race is favored of God to the exclusion of the rights of other racial groups? For example, an unjust proscription of Jews in Germany or unjust discrimination against Negroes in America?

If this is the meaning of extreme "racial" nationalism, is the attitude of millions of white Catholics in the United States towards their colored fellow citizens politically, economically, socially—and even in the sphere of education and religion—an insidiously rooted heresy? If so, it is a heresy based on ignorance and not malice, which thought should arouse the whole-hearted cooperation of all sincere Catholics to whom the Church in America is dear, to support the educational program of the National Catholic Interracial Federation, which has for its purpose the promotion of better race relations in the light of "fundamental precepts of Christian doctrine."

St. Louis.

WM. M. MARKOE, S.J.

## Chronicle

**Home News.**—Intervention by President Roosevelt to solve the tangled bituminous-coal code situation seemed likely, as efforts of NRA Administrator Johnson to evolve an agreement continued to fail. On September 7, General Johnson presented the operators with a code which insured the right of workers to bargain collectively with employers through their own representatives, with no qualifications of Section VII (a) of the National Recovery Act. It set a maximum working week of not more than an average of thirty-six hours throughout the year, outlawed child labor, and listed minimum wages and wage differentials for the different fields. The operators protested strongly, and action was delayed, while in Pennsylvania more than 30,000 miners were on a "holiday" on September 13 because of the failure of the operators to accept the code proposed by the Administration. At a mass meeting on September 12 in Madison Square Garden, New York City, Administrator Johnson declared that the President's recovery program had lifted the country one-fourth of the way out of the depression since last March, and that eighty-five per cent of the nation's employers had enrolled in the NRA. The next day the President's NRA Day parade was held in New York, with 250,000 employers and employees participating. There were more than 1,500,000 spectators. At the NRA Day dinner that evening, General Johnson promised prompt action by the Federal Government to release the springs of credit. In his semi-weekly press conference on the same day, President Roosevelt said that the Administration had under consideration direct Federal loans to industries for payrolls, should the banks fail to furnish sufficient credit for business operating under NRA codes. Also on the 13th, General Johnson said that the Government's policy in regard to Henry Ford would continue to be one of watchful waiting, as Mr. Ford was working under the code. On September 12, by a unanimous decision, the National Labor Board ruled that employees have a right to be represented by any one they may choose, irrespective of whether or not he is an employee of the plant involved. At the American Bankers Association convention, on September 7, James F. T. O'Connor, Controller of the Currency, announced that Walter J. Cummings, Democratic, and E. G. Bennett, Republican, with himself, would direct the machinery set up under the Banking Act of 1933 to guarantee bank deposits. On the same day, the convention adopted a code to be submitted for approval, calling for uniform rates of interest, banking hours, etc. Minimum wages in the code ranged from \$15 to less than \$12, computed on a population basis. The Agricultural Adjustment Administration on September 12 announced its intention to subsidize the exportation of 30,000,000 to 35,000,000 bushels of stored wheat from the Pacific Northwest and, if necessary, to sustain a maximum loss of \$7,000,000 in the process. The wheat will be sold at a contemplated price of from fifteen to twenty

cents below the domestic level. Maine, Maryland, Minnesota, and Colorado joined the States voting for Prohibition repeal, making a total of twenty-nine, with none against.

**New Spanish Cabinet.**—After five days spent in futile attempts to form a Cabinet, Alejandro Lerroux was finally able to announce his new Government on September 12. The list contained thirteen names. Six ministers were members of the Premier's Radical Socialist party; the other seven included representatives of all the moderate revolutionary parties; and hence the new Government was immediately denominated a Republican coalition. Of special interest to Catholics was the fact that the new Minister of Education, charged with the enforcement of the radical anti-church-school laws, is a member of the Premier's own party. In an unofficial statement Señor Lerroux announced that he would pacify every one and execute the revolutionary laws, but the impression was strong in Madrid that he would relax a great deal of Government pressure against the Church. Meanwhile the Socialists announced that they would no longer cooperate with any party, but that they would work along Constitutional lines for the complete socialization of the nation. It was expected that the new Government would seek a vote of confidence from the Cortes on September 16 and that immediately afterwards the Cortes would be suspended until October 1. On the latter date the budget was scheduled for presentation.

**Cuba's New Government.**—The tense situation in Cuba that followed the recent second revolution was relieved on September 10 when Dr. Ramon Grau San Martin, the revolutionary junta's choice for President, took the oath of office in the Presidential Palace at Havana. The oath was administered by Chief Justice Edelman of the Cuban Supreme Court and witnessed by a cheering multitude. At the end of the ceremony new Cuban flags were run up at the palace and the guns of Cabanas Fortress across the Bay from Havana boomed a Presidential salute. Two hours later the new President issued a statement extolling the friendship between Cuba and the United States and gave assurances that this friendship would continue. "We shall honor," he said, "all Governmental obligations, including foreign debts, to the last penny. All we want is a free and peaceful Cuba, just like the United States." President Grau San Martin, professor of anatomy and Dean of the Medical Department of Havana University, is forty-nine years old and was a prominent member of the Revolutionary Commission of Five which ousted Provisional President Carlos de Céspedes. A week before the new President's inauguration United States Ambassador Welles, the lease of whose house had expired, moved into the American-owned National Hotel. In the excitement after the second revolution many Americans took up their residence there so as to get as close as possible to their powerful envoy. To this refuge repaired also some 300 Cuban army officers who had been deposed by their soldiers in

the bloodless coup d'état of the new revolution. As soon as this became known, heavy detachments of revolutionary soldiers surrounded the hotel, deployed machine-gun squads in the spacious grounds, and guarded every approach to the cliff on which it is situated. Two floors of the hotel were taken over by the officers, and their new quarters soon bore the appearance of a huge arsenal. The besieged officers excitedly strolled up and down the large hotel lobby in civilian clothes but with revolvers and automatics openly jammed into their belts. They expressed their disapproval of the new regime and demanded the restoration of President de Céspedes. To add to the confusion, the hotel employes went on strike, leaving the guests and the officers, by this time increased to 500, to shift for themselves. Two days after the President's inauguration, Ambassador Welles moved to the Hotel Presidente. His departure for Washington, scheduled for September 15, was indefinitely postponed. On September 13, fifty of the besieged Cuban officers announced that they had accepted the revolution and were going back to their posts. On that day, also, 15,000 of the 30,000 workers who had been out on strike returned to work.

**Germany's Relief Program.**—Chancellor Hitler with his Minister of Propaganda, Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, began a campaign to develop a relief fund for the unfortunate poor and the unemployed. Following somewhat the pattern of the NRA, efforts were being made to line up every family in making sacrifices for this fund. The first step was the curtailment of the regular dinner on Sunday, and the money saved thereby would be paid in to the relief organization. Every German was called upon to give aid to an unfortunate neighbor. Reports were common that President von Hindenburg, who will reach his eighty-sixth birthday in a few weeks, would resign the Presidency to Chancellor Hitler. Dr. Otto Kiep, German Consul General in New York, was recently relieved of his duties and a general shakeup of the diplomatic service was announced. By a new decree Dr. Goebbels assumed a dictatorial control of all advertising in Germany. Apologies were sent to the United States Government through Ambassador William E. Dodd for affronts offered to American citizens by Nazi police. The concordat between the Holy See and Germany received final ratification in Vatican City on September 10.

**Austria Rallies to Dollfuss.**—Satisfied with their successful efforts to rout Hitlerism and curb Socialism, Chancellor Dollfuss and his Cabinet set upon the ticklish problem of adopting a form of government favoring Austrian solidarity to replace the present unsatisfactory parliamentarianism of the so-called Republic. Three plans of reorganization were under consideration: (1) the totalitarian Fascist State on the model of the Italian; (2) the "Fatherland front," or unified corporative government, to defend Austrian independence and to organize for efficient methods in trading, business, and finance under Government control; and (3) a coalition government which would have representatives of the Austrian

Nazis willing to reject the Pan-German idea and stand for Austrian independence. It was reported that Chancellor Dollfuss favored either of the first two plans, and both seemed capable of reuniting the important factions of Austria. In either of these plans, it was pointed out, radical Socialism would be proscribed. The flight of the revolutionary leaders into Germany, where their activities could be more easily controlled by the increased border patrol, lessened the fear of a pro-German putsch. The strong Christian Social party with the Peasant party and the Heimwehr were said to be strongly behind the second plan. In either case it was expected that the Italian Government would be intensely interested and give strong support to the new Government. Many saw in Chancellor Dollfuss' program a sincere effort to carry out the corporative program outlined in the Pope's Encyclical. On September 12, the two-hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Sobieski's victory, the great German Catholic Congress with the World's Congress of Farmers brought thousands to the city. Chancellor Dollfuss addressed a tremendous gathering at the Vienna race track, having paraded through a lane of cheering supporters five miles long. His announcement of his plan to establish an authoritative government was hailed with unanimous approval.

**French War Debts.**—Last week at a meeting of the French Cabinet the War debt situation was discussed. It was understood that a decision in principle was reached according to which the French would be willing to settle on the same basis as the British were believed to be discussing, that is to say, at ten per cent of the amount fixed by the Mellon-Bérenger agreement. This would correspond to the settlement made with Germany at Lausanne last year, when reparation payments were reduced to ten per cent of the Young-plan schedule. At the same time it was reported that the French Cabinet would be prepared to pay in full the half-annuity due last December as well as the half-annuity due last June in the same ratio as payment was made by Great Britain. Announcement of these figures evoked no comment in Washington.

**The Soviet Harvest.**—Amidst the flood of conflicting reports from Soviet Russia, two facts seemed to stand out prominently: first, that the food shortage reached its peak during the Winter and late Spring; and secondly, that the abundance of the present harvest should mitigate considerably the famine conditions which have taken such a heavy toll of life in South Russia. The bulk of grain in the North Caucasus had been cut, but fifty per cent of the harvest still awaited threshing. Machinery difficulties and a shortage of spare parts were the principal obstacles to the completion of the harvest. Although no bread was for sale on the open market, it was possible to buy butter, milk, eggs, chickens, vegetables, and fruit. The price of white bread was prohibitive, even in the Government stores, while black bread cost two rubles a kilogram according to the fixed card-ration rates. Grain deliveries to the State in many regions were up to the mark for August and promised well for September in spite of a

late start due to wet weather. On September 12, a decree was issued threatening with death all persons convicted of robbing State grain elevators and collection stations. The decree was aimed particularly against railway agents and elevator employes guilty of collusive criminal schemes. On the same day this decree was issued, a French air mission left Paris led by Pierre Cot, the Minister of Aviation. Three planes, manned by crews totaling fourteen men, were in the party and it was expected that this group would be augmented by Paul Codos and Maurice Rossi, who recently broke the distance record by flying from New York to Syria. The mission, advertised as an attempt to "sell" French commercial aviation to the Soviet, emphasized the cordial reception given to former Premier Edouard Herriot on his unofficial visit to Moscow. The latter was greeted with an anti-Communist demonstration when he returned to the French capital.

**King Feisal's Death.**—After an air trip from Baghdad to Berne to continue a cure interrupted last June by the sudden outbreak against the Assyrians, King Feisal of Iraq died suddenly in Switzerland. Leading physicians stated that the King suffered a seizure as the result of a sudden heart attack. Elaborate ceremonies were held in the King's honor en route to Baghdad. On the same day at Baghdad, Crown Prince Ghazi was proclaimed King with the title of King Ghazi. It was reported that the sudden death of King Feisal dealt a severe blow to the diplomacy of the British Government. During the King's twelve-year reign he had been a close friend and ally of Great Britain. Anxiety was felt over Iraq's future policy. The young King's first real problem will arise when the League of Nations takes up the recent massacre of the Assyrians, with Iraq in the rôle of defendant. Iraq's future policy will depend largely on Geneva's verdict next month. Present indications of Iraq's nationalism reveal that any attempt to impose punishment for the massacres might lead to more serious outbreaks and massacres.

**De Valera's Pact with Labor.**—Following the recent fusion of the Cosgrave Opposition party and the MacDermott Center party with General O'Duffy's National Guards, the Irish Free State Government formed an alliance with the Irish Labor party for the immediate application of a program of social services. Leaders of the two parties held a conference in which were discussed legislative measures including pensions for widows and orphans, public works for the unemployed, workmen's compensation, and factory legislation. This coalition was said to consolidate the Government's position, assuring the Cabinet a small but safe majority in the Dail. It also deferred the possibility of a general election. With the balance of power again in the hands of Labor, the small Labor party of eight deputies regained its political influence. Meanwhile, grave problems face the Fianna Fail Government in its economic policy of self-sufficiency. Because of one of the warmest summers in years, it is reported that Ireland will have surplus crops of oats, wheat, and barley, with no market for grain except at

uneconomic prices. Current reports indicated that a bounty system might be established whereby the taxpayers would make up the difference between the merchants' prices and the economic price, a course which would be resented by the millers, bakers, and consumers.

**Jews Demand League Help.**—In its closing session the Jewish World Conference held at Geneva unanimously adopted resolutions calling on the League of Nations to intervene on behalf of German Jews in political and humanitarian ways and particularly in aiding emigration to Palestine. The resolution asking League aid began by declaring Nazi policy a danger to civilization and by summoning Jews everywhere to fight with all means at their disposal "against the merciless war" waged on Jews. It was likewise resolved to ask the coming League Assembly to arrange Nansen passports for German Jewish refugees lacking travel papers.

**Bulgaria Condemns Communists.**—Drastic sentences were meted out by a military court at Shumen in Northern Bulgaria to thirty-nine men and women. Sixteen were condemned to death and twenty-three to terms of imprisonment ranging from five to fifteen years. Some of the accused had been found guilty of attempting to found Communist cells in the army. Three persons who mysteriously disappeared in Shumen in the last few months were said to have been kidnaped by members of the town garrison.

**Gandhi Promises Truce.**—Mahatma Gandhi declared a year's truce with the British Government, promising not to engage in civil disobedience or otherwise defy the authorities until August 3, 1934. Gandhi determined to devote the year to work on behalf of the untouchables, for whom he fasted three weeks last year. He made clear, however, that the truce in no way affected the counsel he gave earlier in the summer supporting individual civil disobedience. The Mahatma declared that he could not be stopped from guidance of those seeking advice or from preventing the nationalist movement from running in the wrong channels. He added that if he were rearrested and forbidden to work for the untouchables, he would not hesitate to embark upon a fast to the finish, provided an inner voice urged this action.

Many serious observers see that Communism is making inroads among the Negroes. In "Will the Negro Go Red?" Father John T. Gillard will point the moral and show the way out for Catholics.

This year marks the hundredth since Dom Guéranger went to Solesmes. Next week John LaFarge will write about "The Centenary of Solesmes Chant."

In a dramatic dialogue Thomas Butler Feeney will bring three people together in a piece which he calls "Silent Night."